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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIV No. 2008 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 16 1938

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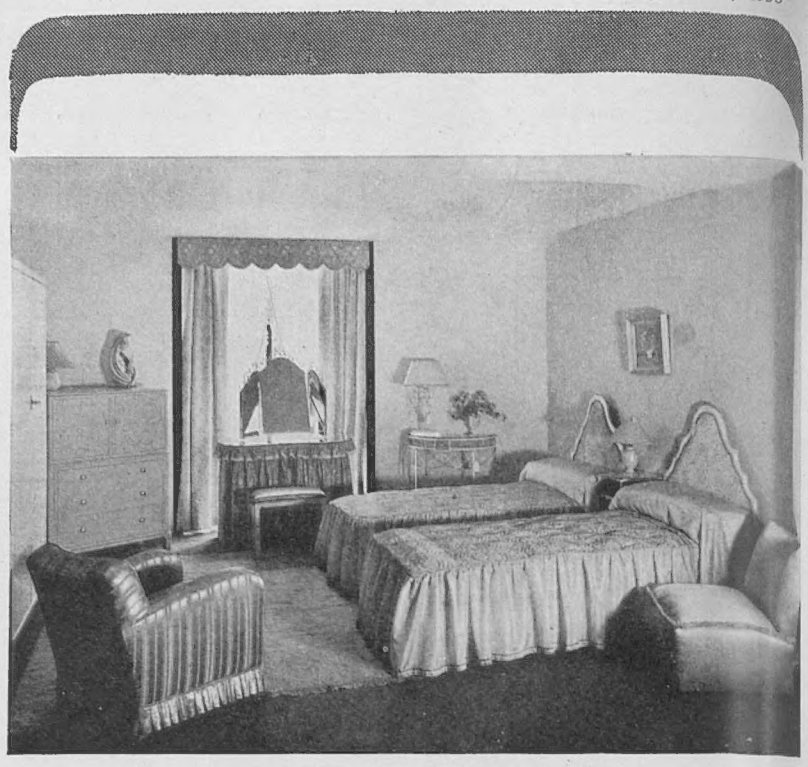

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THE SPHERE
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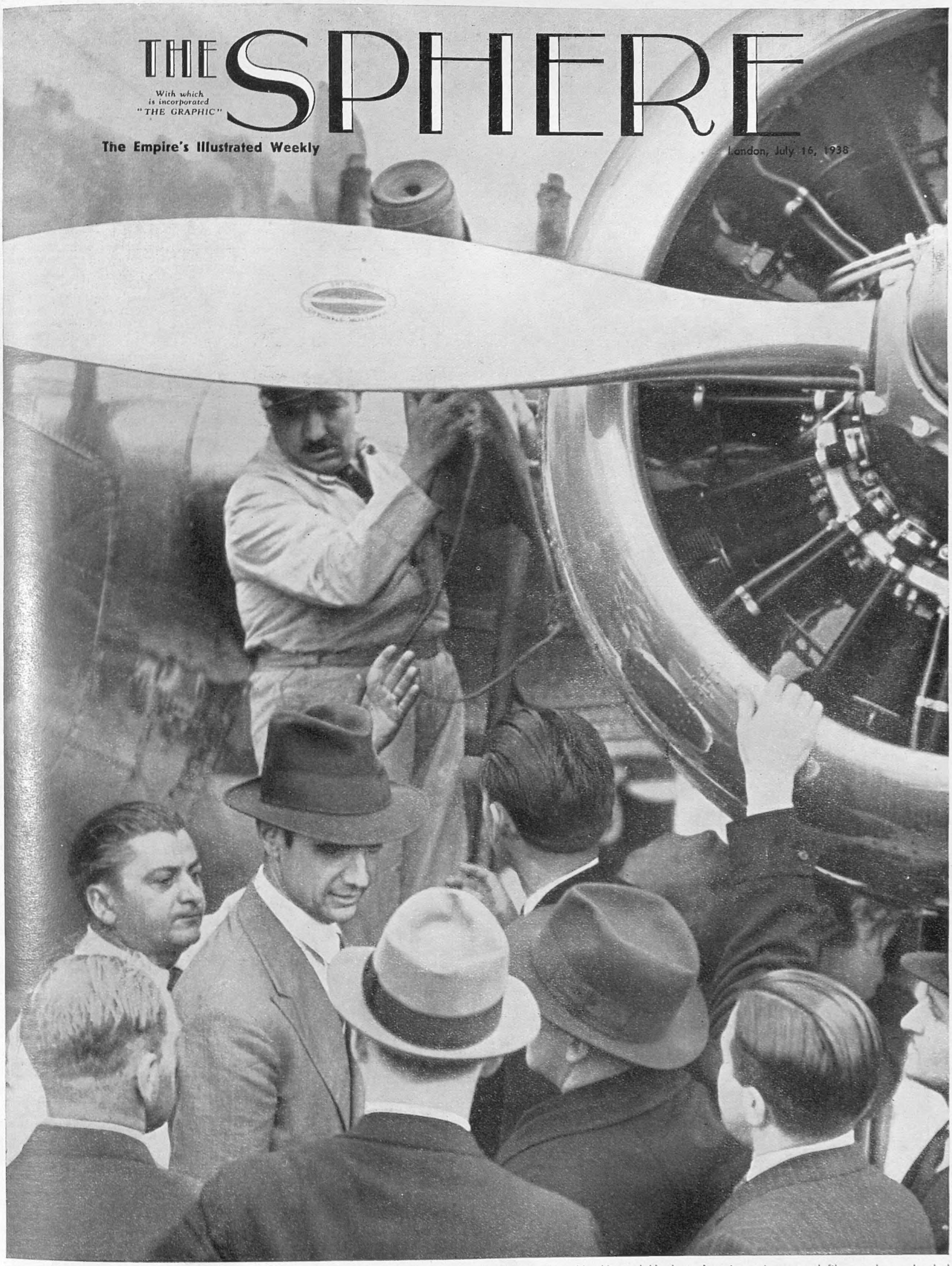
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 16, 1938



NEW YORK TO PARIS IN A SINGLE FLIGHT

The First Successful Attempt Since Colonel Lindbergh Achieved This Feat in 1927 in Double the Time

On Monday evening Mr. Howard Hughes, American airman and film producer, landed at Le Bourget at 4.55, having flown the Atlantic from Floyd Bennett field, New York, in half the time which it took Colonel Lindbergh to accomplish the same feat, alone, in 1927. There was the additional difference that Mr. Hughes had with him a crew of four and that the Lockheed monoplane which he was flying was immensely more powerful than the Ryan monoplane piloted by Colonel Lindbergh. Many aviators have set out with the determination of accomplishing this, the most dramatic of aviation "hops," but all have failed to make their predetermined destination. The plane was heavily loaded with petrol, but owing to bad weather ahead this was being used up at such a rate that Mr. Hughes sent out at one time a rather scared message that he might not be able to reach land. At 7.30 a.m. he wirelessed that he might run out of petrol—"all we can do is hope to get there." Fortunately, a following wind was encountered when nearing Ireland and the machine, considerably lightened of its load of fuel, landed in France with 300 gallons in hand. The start for Moscow was made at 1.24 on Tuesday morning and the Russian capital was reached at 9.12 a.m., after a flight of 7 hrs. 48 mins.

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE WANTON WINDS OF JULY: One of the exhibition marquees erected on the golf course at the Open Championship at Sandwich, Kent, after being torn to shreds by a furious gale. England has proved a truly windswept isle these July days

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 13, 1938.

THE PARIS ROYAL VISIT.—

The King is rapidly recovering and should be perfectly fit for the Paris visit, once postponed and again threatened. In England we were slower to appreciate its significance than were the French. The British Crown is the symbol of the unity of purpose of our Empire — *that* we have understood for three decades at least. The Sovereign has of late years shown himself more and more clearly the first ambassador of Empire and that fact has been better appreciated in Europe than at home. France was quick to appreciate what King Edward VII achieved in cementing the Entente which saved civilisation from destruction twenty-five years ago. When ministers visit the ministers of another country, the ends which they serve are diplomatic, that is, lesser stages in the construction of a new political edifice. When the Sovereign visits the President or Sovereign of another state, it may involve a larger political issue. It may be an act of tribute by a whole nation to another. Months of preparation have gone to perfecting the details of this short visit, once postponed. It is important for its significance in Europe. It puts the seal on a redrafted pact of resolution to preserve the peace of Europe, to withstand aggression by *all means* when every *peaceful* means is exhausted at last, and to uphold liberty and the reign of law in a world which seems temporarily to have forgotten the ideals which make human life endurable and civilised existence possible. For half a century, political and international circumstances have driven into alliance two nations, England and France, ancient enemies for centuries, and in character and temperament so markedly different that the "language difficulty" is a difference not of speech but of thought, of method, of philosophy, of outlook on life itself. To the Germans and the Scandinavian people and many of the Balkan races we are much more nearly allied in temperament, much more drawn for understanding. With France we have chiefly in common a mutual determination to preserve liberty and international morality, and the vivid memory of trials bravely shared. We now complete the act of re-sealing the pact that once saved Europe and will surely save her again. But that is no reason why we should not be friends with Germany also. Friendship with the German people is the next logical stage forward.

ETON SUPPORTERS IN OPTIMISTIC HEADGEAR: Under leaden skies these young enthusiasts prepared to enter Lord's for the second day of the Eton v. Harrow match last Saturday

BRITISH FASCISM — AND GERMANY.—

One cannot, of course, read every daily paper. Indeed, it would lead one before one's time to Bedlam or to Hell. It would be a form of torture which even this age would regard as shocking. But I read papers of many types and shades of opinion and it is rare that I ever hear a word nowadays of Sir Oswald Mosley or of British Fascism. People tell me that the numbers of his supporters are declining, that his movement is making no headway. In old days when I met Sir Oswald once or twice, and more often heard him speak, I did not (I confess) fall under his charm. It is thus an honest opinion when I say that on several counts I respect him. For his opinions he has sacrificed a political career which for a man of his abilities would have been an easy road to Cabinet rank. He has a great deal of soundness in his political views. He often sees through the fog of Europe with clearer eyes than many ministers. When he favours closer co-operation and sympathy between Britain and Germany as a means of averting a European war, he is not, I am sure, grinding a Fascist axe, but putting forward a very important view. We live in a world of shams and fogs and illusions. Only by realism can sane and constructive ideas emerge at all. The world is not precisely divided into two camps: those who destroy and those who cherish personal liberty. The world is divided into two crews fighting for life in a stormy sea: those who are still on rafts and those who have no rafts. We are on rafts: Germany is not. You should read *Germany Speaks* (Thornton Butterworth) and stifle your loathing of much that Hitlerism has done and does. Hitlerism is and was a desperate remedy to save 70,000,000 people from extinction; a Cæsarian operation which made possible a new birth. It will not last for ever. But to Sir Oswald. I am not a Fascist, and I don't believe Fascism will ever control England. I am no Mosley-fan, though I respect him for sticking to his opinions and sacrificing a facile success in politics to them. But I say that far less sensible speeches are given daily prominence in the Press and I consider it rather mean in the circumstances that Sir Oswald is banned as "story" or even "news-item" by the bulk of the British Press. For that, of course, is the reason why he appears to be dead or gone out of business.

WALL STREET.—

The London Stock Exchange is a mirror of Wall Street. It is no great testimony to the sense, logic, and soundness of Throgmorton Street to be the shadow of a shadow and the mime of a will-o'-the-wisp. London was of late comparatively cheerful for more than a fortnight because New York enjoyed a wave of optimism as illogical as its long period of depression. There was no justification whatever for the 25 per cent. rise in U.S. counters which took place in a week; there was no justification for the fall over many months preceding that rise. You are forced to the conclusion that the prices of securities depend on rumour, gossip, and engineered or extempore panics and surges of optimism, and not on figures, achievement, and even political probabilities. The world of the Stock Markets is a world of make believe, a "land where it is always afternoon," a world of lunatics, of amateurs, of children frightened by shadows, uplifted by promises of jam. It is a world in which professional speculators call the tune and impose their Vitus-dance on sober investors and those who should serve them. A year ago a certain American railway counter stood at 72.

Three weeks ago it had fallen to 22. Last week it stood at 35. Its par value is 25. No logic of fact justified its peak, its low-water mark, or its mean price, at those respective junctures. The boom means nothing. The slump meant nothing. There is no truth and no sense in the world of stockbroking. Your own opinion on an investment is infinitely sounder than any living stockbroker's, if you live far enough away from that babel of rumours and humours.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS.

—It is an odd fact that the majority of manifestations of beauty are restless and disquieting and leave a sense of yearning for the unattainable. With manifestations of natural beauty it is almost always so. But beauty in art can sometimes give peace and satisfaction. I felt this the other afternoon when I watched a performance of *The Tempest* by the Steep Players in Lord Horder's lovely garden on a divine July afternoon. When you hear a man who has learned how to speak the English language speaking the poetry of Shakespeare, *The Tempest* is ideal for the purpose. And when Mr. Geoffrey Crump (whose powers of elocution and production ability surpass his powers of memorising his part) came to those matchless lines wherein Prospero and Shakespeare sum up their philosophy of a life of action completed, the combined loveliness of nature and Shakespeare's art produced that very rare effect of divine serenity and satisfaction. "Be cheerful, Sir; our revels now are ended . . ." When the lines were said, I felt no doubt in my mind as to which of the innumerable things which in this fevered life men's ambition compels them to strive for are worth attainment. The divine spark in man survives only (and the individual man can only speak comfort to posterity in his living voice) when, exceptionally, he has succeeded in incorporating permanently some high human conception of beauty in a chosen form of Art (clothing it in his own language, translating it into music or line or tone). And for the most part the rest of man's achievements imply no personal survival. The same vague realisation of a great truth has come to me in a minor degree when I have reached Chapter I, Vol. III, of *Pride and Prejudice*, or again when I have stood before Vermeer's "View of Delft" at the Hague, or listened to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

RADLEY'S TRIUMPH.

—The highlight at Henley was neither an American's new record for the Diamonds nor Oriel's records in the Visitors'. It was Radley's winning of the Ladies', always, by virtue of school entries, the most popular of all the annuals. Radley, with a stroke in the 9 stones (who will be heard of again), beat Pembroke (Cambridge) in better time than the final of the Grand was rowed in, and won the Ladies' Plate for the first time in her history. Only three schools have ever won the event, though Eton has done it often enough, as might be expected. Eton, Radley, and Shrewsbury are the doyens of public school entrants in the ninety-three years of this race, and for years Radley's crew was chosen from not much more than 100 boys. Even when I was a boy the whole school numbered less than 250. It is a wonderful triumph for those eight boys, their trainers, and, of course, their coxswain. They must be feeling pretty good as they sail away for those United States to row against other schools—and no doubt their parents will feel that that excursion is a sound, if novel, part of the summer term curriculum. During the two great week-ends of sport which July brings, America swept the board at Wimbledon; England held the Open Golf Championship, the last stages being fought out in the teeth of a gale. The 'Varsity match was a damp squib with quite a fizz at the end of it; the third Test match was practically washed out, and the Eton and Harrow boys risked rheumatics to make a Roman holiday.

MASKS FOR MINISTERS.

— Max Beerbohm in one of his whimsical essays gave an idea for lightening the burden of a sovereign. He "revealed" in the memoirs (unpublished) of a modern courtier how a skilled mechanic made a robot figure of the king which drove through the streets bowing by clockwork and smiling a charming, mechanical smile and sometimes receiving in its armoured framework the bullets of anarchists or impolite subjects. Meanwhile, the king himself, in false beard, mingled with the crowd, heard what his subjects really thought of him, and enjoyed the experience. This quaint conceit of Mr. Beerbohm's has been put into effect by Mr. Doane Powell, a famous mask maker in the States. He has shown in Radio City at television exhibitions how greatly the burden of presidents and ministers of state can be lightened. He has made lifelike masks of Roosevelt, "Governor" Smith, Hoover and other famous figures in public and political life and he dons their masks while a chosen announcer says their stuff for them. It is a great idea and should be adopted over here. The masks are very lifelike and the speeches present no difficulty at all. For all public speeches are cut on the same pattern. Political necessity requires that leaders in politics should say nothing definite, give no handle to pressmen or opponents, and disguise the nothingness of their pronouncements with the commonest flowers of speech. A couple of nursery maxims run to death ("union is strength," "honesty the best policy"), a purple peroration and a homely simile or two—the whole to occupy one hour. If the idea be adopted over here, Mr. Chamberlain would have time to fish or even to reflect—both good things in their way and beneficial for premiers and for the nations whose destinies they direct.

ATTACKED BY HERR HITLER: The Exhibition of German Art at the New Burlington Galleries is interesting from several points of view. They have been collected as representing the work of German or German-Jewish artists, most of whom are now living in exile, their type of art being highly distasteful to Herr Hitler. In many cases his disapproval would appear to be highly justified. The Führer referred to this exhibition on Sunday when he was opening a new exhibition in The Palace of German Art at Munich. He claimed that the London exhibition had a political basis. Herr Hitler did not assert that the output of the purged art world of Nazidom was satisfactory, but reiterated his vigorous dislike for the "degenerates"

HALF-YEAR'S RAINFALL.—

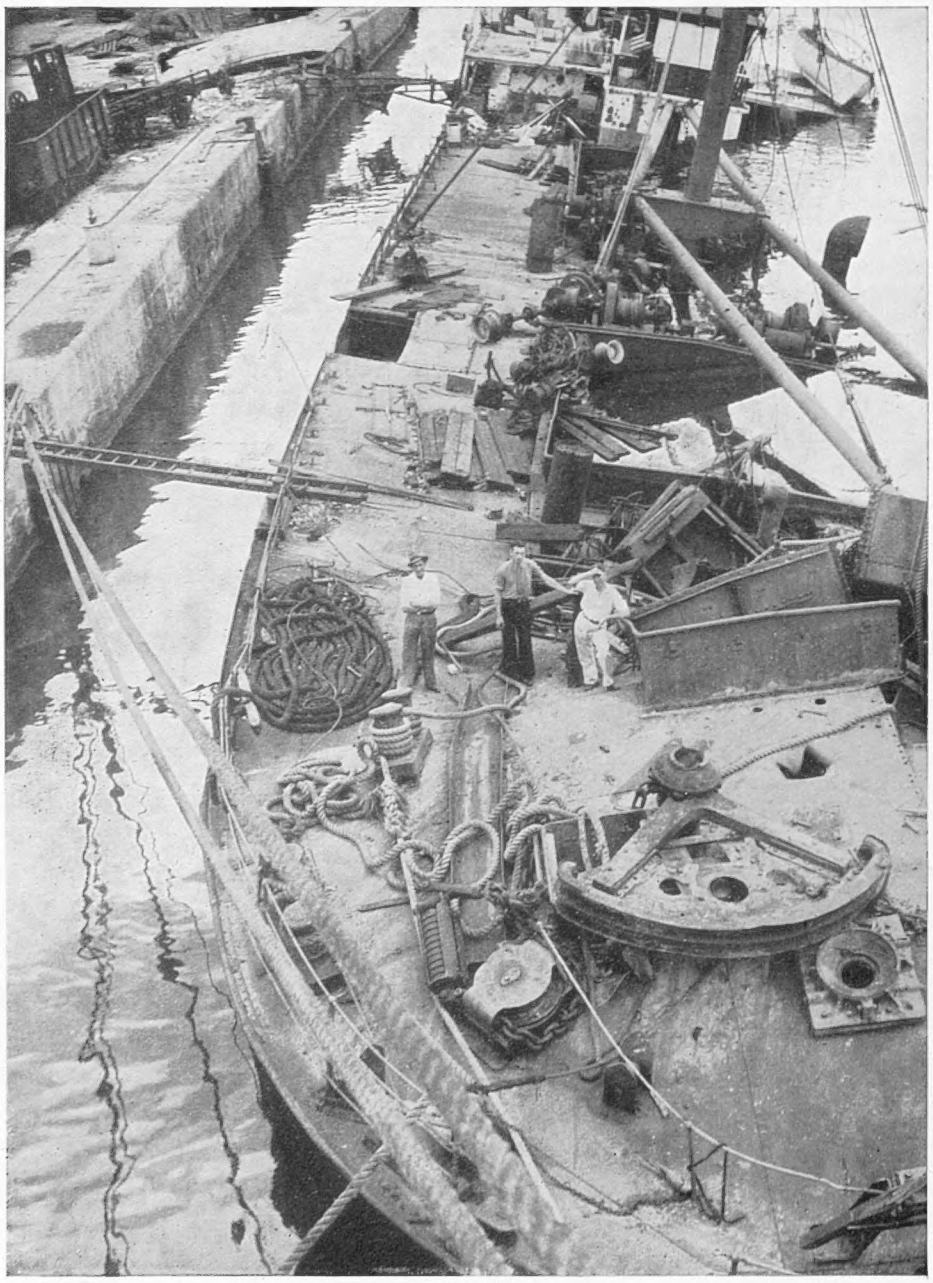
The first half of 1938 has provided 8.05 ins. of rain. Of this total 4.30 ins. fell in January. Thus, during the five months February to June inclusive only 3.75 ins. of rain were recorded. If the normal balance is to be made up during the second half of the year, we shall wish ourselves in Assam, and I fear that the local farmer has serious thoughts of trying his luck there. N.B.—In Assam the annual average of rain is 420 ins. Ours is about 40 ins., and we have 32 ins. to make up by December.

THE OLD STAGER

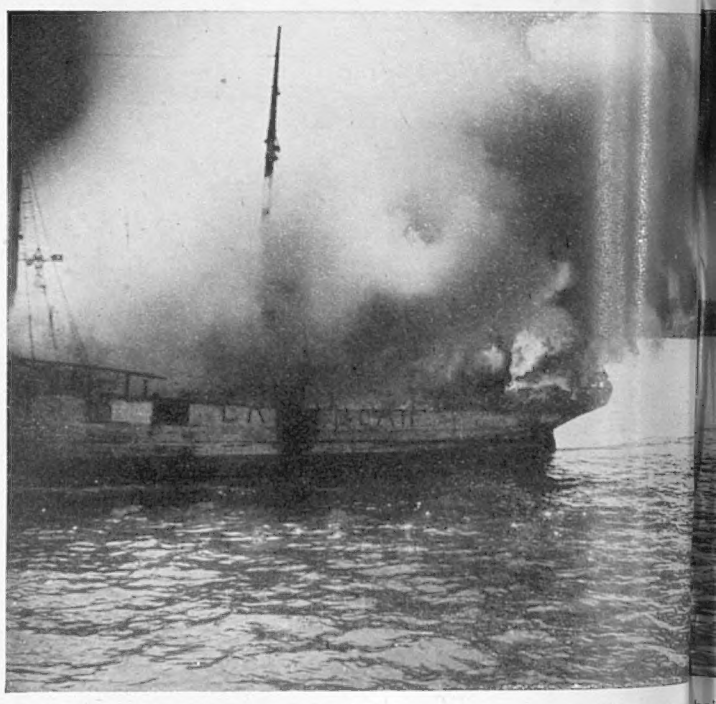
MORE RAIN THAN RUNS: Cricket, weather-shy game at the best of times, suffered a severe damping this past week when matches throughout the country were stopped or put off altogether on account of rain. The above picture was taken during the tea interval on the first day of the Eton v. Harrow match at Lord's, where even the familiar grey topper often surmounted a mackintoshed figure

A PICTURE OF NOTHING: Such was the state of affairs at Old Trafford, would-be scene of the third Test. The ground was completely water-logged and presented the appearance of a huge puddle. An alternative plan for holding the Test on August 4, 5, 6 and 8 is now under consideration as the present match has had to be abandoned

A BRITISH SHIP DESTROYED IN SPANISH WATERS: The London steamer *Arlon* ablaze in Valencia harbour after being hit by a bomb during a raid by Nationalist aircraft, when much damage was done to British and other ships lying in the port



THE DECKS STREWN WITH DEBRIS: Another British ship with its starboard side awash after the raid by Nationalist planes on Valencia. The ship had tied up to a perfectly open quayside and was apparently taking its luck as to whether it would be bombed before it left harbour. Two of the men in this little group placidly posing for the camera are English

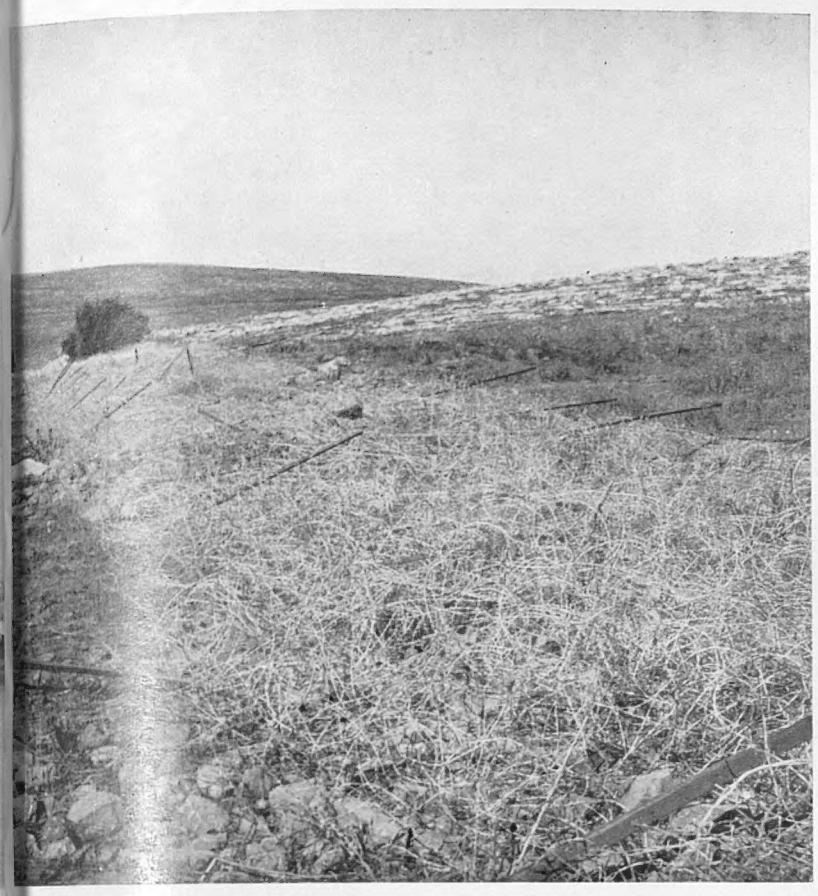


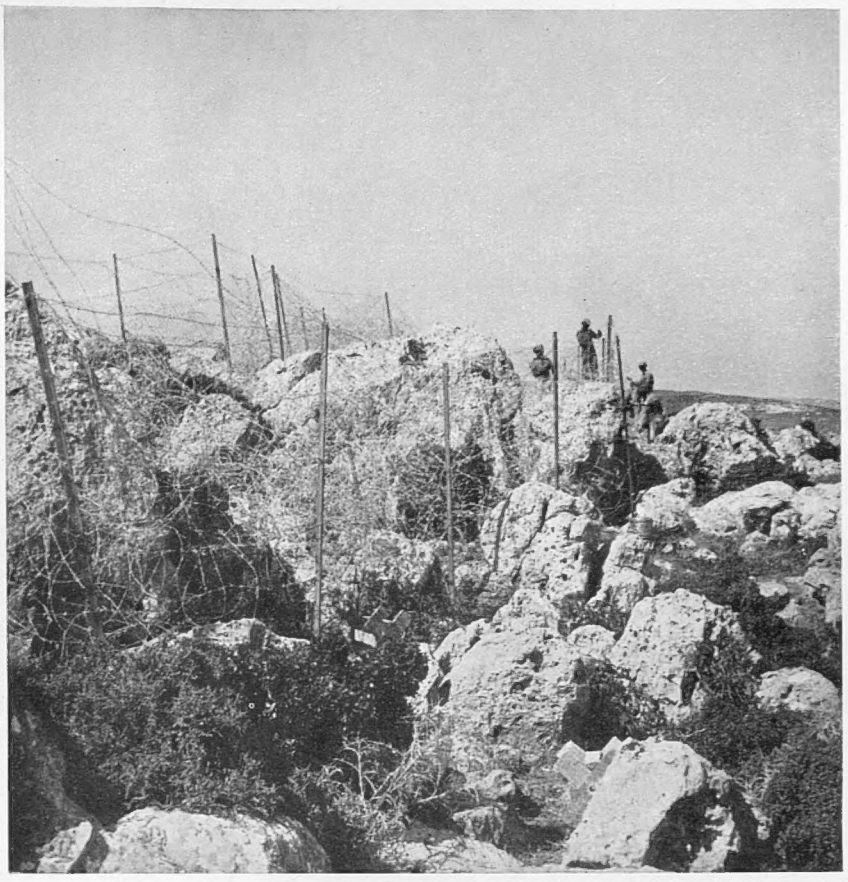
A DIRECT HIT: An old wooden vessel blazing furiously in Valencia harbour a bomb during one of the raids on June 27. Nationalist planes swooped charged their cargo of bombs unhindered. These are the first pictures

TRYING TO FIND HOMES FOR EUROPE'S REFUGEES: Earl Winte of Lancaster, is representing Great Britain at the conference to discu fugees which opened at Evian-les-Bains, on the Lake of Geneva, this as Henri Berenger, French delegate and president of the confer

BY THE MEDITERRANEAN'S TROUBLED SHORES

Bombed Ships in Valencia Harbour and Scenes Along the Damaged "Tegart's Wall"





SERIOUS DAMAGE TO "TEGART'S WALL" IN PALESTINE: Great damage was done to "Tegart's Wall," the Palestine-Syria border fence, in one night by a band of armed Arabs who press-ganged local villagers into the work of destruction. While half the gang of Arabs carried out the work of destruction, the other half engaged the police patrols with rifle fire, and bombed the roads. *Above on left* is seen part of the 10-kilometre stretch of wire fence laid flat by the attacking party. *On right* is a typical stretch of boulder country through which the line passes

being hit in the stern by over the port and dis- received in this country

Chancellor of the Duchy problem of political re- Above is a general view addressed the delegates

THE JEW HITS BACK : Reprisal and Counter-reprisal Create Turmoil in Palestine

SINCE we last chronicled happenings in Palestine, a very notable change has occurred. It is evident that after being sniped for two years by the Arab, the Jew is now hitting back. The number of Arab casualties shows the state of affairs and further evidence is afforded by the comments of the Jewish press and the appeal for self-restraint by Dr. Weizmann. The Jewish reprisals are regarded as a worse blow than the attacks of the Arab. Dr. Weizmann's appeal contains the following:

"The discipline and self-restraint which they have shown under well-nigh intolerable provocation have received due praise in authoritative quarters and practical recognition in the granting of certain facilities for self-defence. Legitimate self-defence, discipline, and constructive work constitute our best reply to Arab terrorism. The overwhelming majority of Palestine Jewry, conscious of its responsibility to its own future, and to the nation of which it is the vanguard, is determined to maintain the principle of non-retaliation."

All the while the building of "Tegart's Wall," the barbed-wire fence along the northern frontier of Palestine, continues. It traverses a variety of country: low-lying fields, rocky rising ground and orchards. The attempts to damage the wall are evidence of the extreme dislike to its existence on the part of the northern Arabs. The sniping along the portion of the wall already constructed has been very troublesome.

RECENT EVENTS IN PALESTINE

June 16.—About this time and until the end of the month, the initiative of attack appeared to be with the Arab. A Jewish baker was shot, a Jewish railway worker was dangerously wounded, a Christian doctor seriously wounded while sitting in a café at Haifa—so the report ran. At the same time it was announced that it would be an offence triable by military courts to damage or interfere with the frontier fence or its materials or to cross it elsewhere than by the regular gates. Sniping of workmen had previously taken place and attempts had been made to steal materials. Arabs were found in a taxicab with wire-cutters and khaki uniforms.

Week-end of June 26.—**First signs of the Jew hitting back.** Two Arab foremen at cement works, Haifa, shot. Arab killed in grounds of Government hospital at Haifa. Three Arabs seriously injured by bomb explosion.

A Jew stabbed and killed by Arabs. Jewish supernumerary policeman at "Tegart's Wall" shot and killed by Arabs in ambush.

June 28.—Chief Rabbi appeals to Lieut.-General Haining, the G.O.C., to postpone execution of Benjosef, young Revisionist Jew from Roshpura, who had been found in illegal possession of arms and of firing at an omnibus on religious grounds. Two hundred Jewish women demonstrated in the streets. Jewish shops closed as protest against coming execution.

June 29.—**Schemo Benjosef executed at Acre,** without any Rabbi going to administer consolation. Jewish newspapers appear in mourning.

July 5.—Five Jews and one Arab killed in Samaria district. Three Jews killed going to work near Einvirad Settlement. Two Jewish moneylenders shot dead in their little booth in Jerusalem. Arabs attack Arab villages and destroy government property in Nablus district. Military court at Haifa sentences two Arabs to death for carrying a loaded rifle and for having carried ammunition.

July 6.—Over 100 casualties reported. Rioting at Haifa. A bomb thrown into the old market. A member of the firm which built the new post office for Jerusalem and brother-in-law of Dr. Weizmann killed in motor car. In all, eighteen Arabs and two Jews killed in Haifa. The pipe line attacked.

(*Continued on page* 120)

GUARDED WHILE AT WORK ON "TEGART'S WALL": The task of constructing this barbed-wire barrier is not an easy one. The workers have to be guarded by a big force of armed Jewish guards. The line here runs through orchard country

AN ARAB BUS ATTACKED: A live bomb was thrown into this bus on the morning of July 4, killing four Arabs and wounding eleven others. Shrapnel fragments broke through the side of the bus as here shown. In one such case, a young Jewish girl was implicated

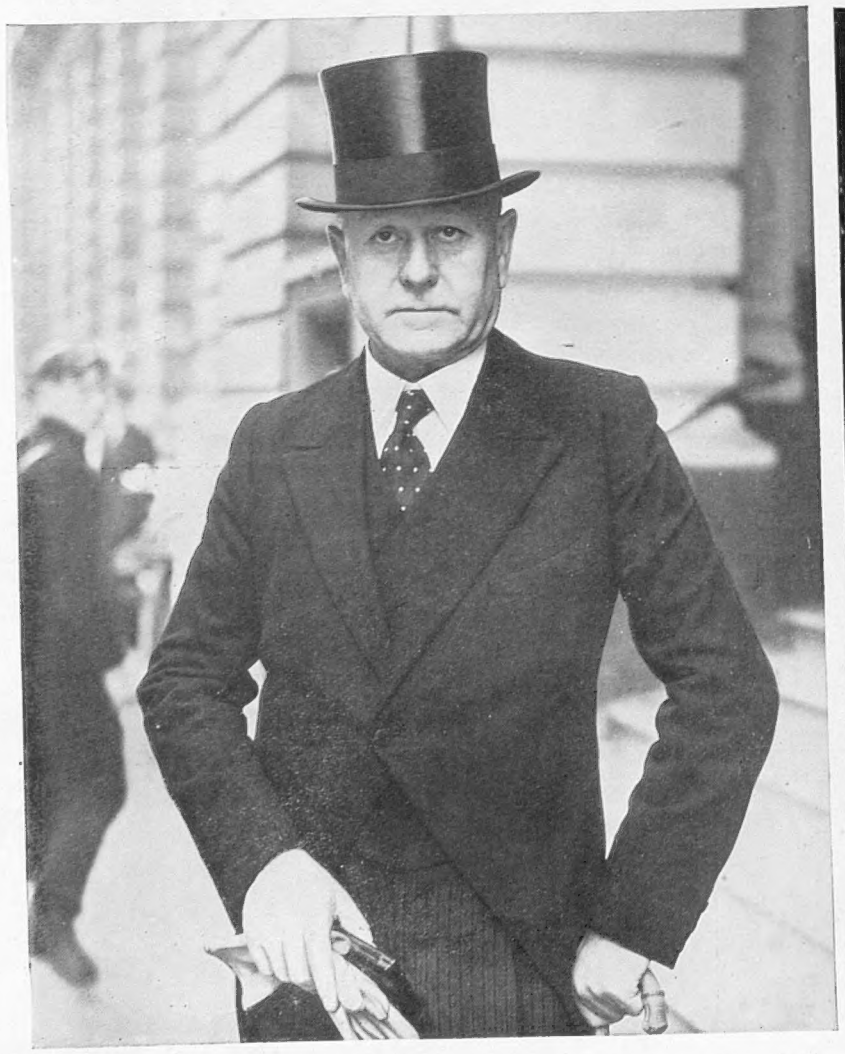
FOUR CHARACTER STUDIES OF TO-DAY

DRENCHED BUT UNBOWED

Miss Masters enjoys a cigarette ashore after a gruelling race in July weather during the Bembridge Sailing Club's races off the Isle of Wight

THE SMILE WHICH SETS HEARTS AFLAME

Don Ameche, the well-known film star, smiles at England, figuratively, as he leans on the taffrail of the *Queen Mary* on arrival from America on Monday



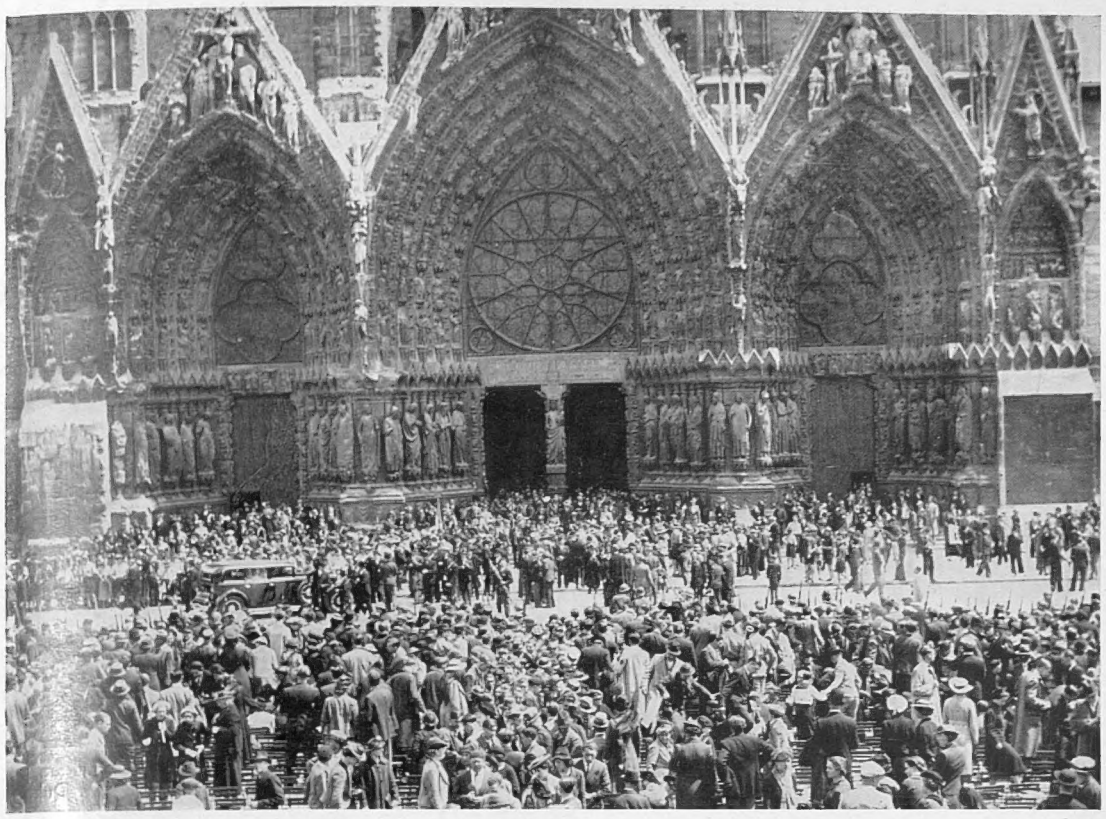
IMPRESSED WITH ROYALTY AND THE WEATHER

Mr. Jeanes, the manager of the Australian cricket team, pauses for a moment outside St. James's Palace after he has received the O.B.E. from the King at last week's investiture

DETERMINED TO PENETRATE AN ENGLISH SECRET

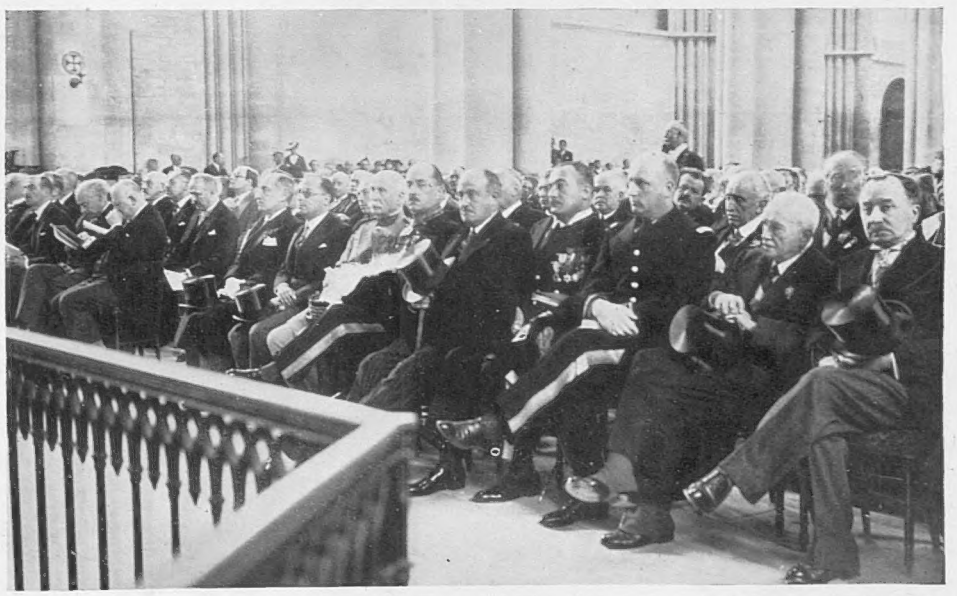
Miss Frances Perkins, first woman cabinet minister of U.S.A., has come to find out how we settle labour disputes without gas bombs and guns

RHEIMS : The Great Fane of St. Louis Re-opened After Twenty Years of Restoration Work

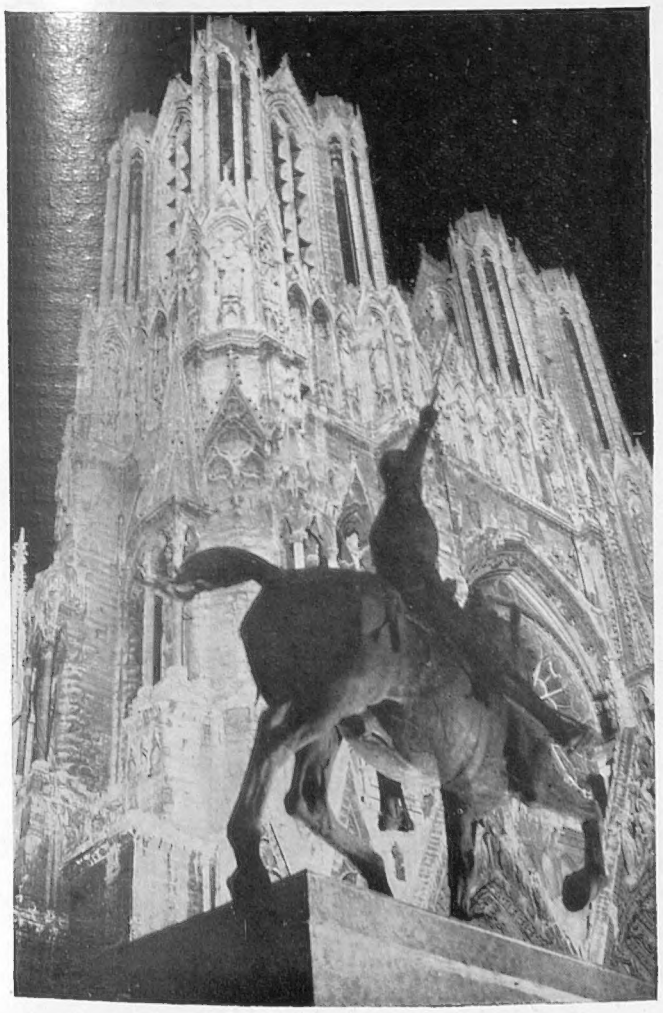


THE CROWD AT THE WEST FRONT: A great number of visitors from all parts gathered in Rheims on Sunday morning

"JESU, MARIA": A replica of the famous white banner carried by Joan of Arc during her triumphant journey to Rheims



NOTABILITIES LISTENING TO THE LEGATE: The congregation included M. Lebrun, the President, Marshal Pétain, General Gouraud, Mr. William Bullitt, U.S. Ambassador, Sir Robert Cahill (British Embassy), Mr. Bosworth, representing the late Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who gave £200,000 towards the restoration. *On left above*—CARDINAL HINSLEY, of Westminster Cathedral, walking with the papal legate in procession to the great door of Rheims Cathedral



THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT REPRESENTED AT RHEIMS: The British delegation attending the ceremonies included: Lord Mowbray and Stourton, the Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Sempill, the Earl of Bective, Viscount Tredegar and Lord Clonmore, Col. Llewellin, M.P., and about fifteen other M.P.s. The delegation bearing the gift of the banner included Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, and Capt. McEwen, M.P. *On left*—THE SCENE AT NIGHT

IN THE NEWS

GLUTTONS FOR GLIDING: Flight-Lieutenant W. B. Murray (left) and Mr. Stanley Sproule with their Falcon III glider in which they set up a new world duration record at Dunstable last week, remaining in the air for nearly 22½ hrs., thus beating the existing German record of 21 hrs. 2 mins. for two-seater gliders. After a sleep these two insatiable enthusiasts went up for another flight. An article describing this fascinating pursuit is on page 96

SEQUEL TO "VICTORIA THE GREAT": Miss Pamela Standish as the Princess Royal with the four princes in Mr. Herbert Wilcox's new film, *Sixty Glorious Years*. Some sequences are taken in the grounds of Balmoral Castle

AT LORD'S: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arriving on Friday of last week to watch the Eton v. Harrow match

A HUNDRED YEARS A CITY: A general view of the assembly in Victoria Square last Monday for the public service of thanksgiving to mark the centenary of Birmingham's Charter of Incorporation. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, deputising for the King and Queen, visited the city on Thursday to open a new hospital centre and to witness the Pageant of Birmingham, chief item of the city's week of centenary celebrations

BIRMINGHAM CELEBRATES

One Hundred Years Ago Birmingham Received Its Royal Charter of Incorporation. In the Past Century the City Has Grown in an Incredible Manner, from a Market Town of 180,000 Inhabitants to England's Second City, with a Population of 1,043,000

BIRMINGHAM stands at the cross-roads of England, the most typically English city. It has no profound historical traditions, it has made its own way in the world, it has "got on" through the industry, the hard work, and the independent spirit of its people. What is the spirit of a city? How can one analyse its personality? Not easily, yet the character of Birmingham can be summed up in the motto on the city crest, "Forward." It has grown swiftly through the past two centuries from a small town of but little significance to one of the greatest manufacturing cities of the world. Its freedom from the shackles of historical associations has enabled its townsmen to develop along modern lines.

The simplest picture of Birmingham is of a compact but well designed centre of broad thoroughfares and great stores, of a thousand great factories and thousands of small works where the descendants of the independent craftsmen of the past are still master-men, and around it all a vast belt of clean, bright suburbs, where very English families live each their own busy domestic life.

It is these little homes of Birmingham which give the key-note to the spirit of the city. Trim houses, well-mown lawns, usually a little garage, hard-working and routine-loving fathers, zealous and unselfish housewives, and happy children. Above all, the happy children, for there are more than 180,000 children at Birmingham's elementary and secondary schools.

The inhabitants of the city can be clearly divided into two distinct groups: those who were born in the city, and those who are strangers to it. Being a very English city, strangers do not easily feel at home there. The Birmingham man who is born and bred in the city says little about it, for he is not given to false sentiment. But he is quite convinced that there is no place like Brummagem, and he has no desire to leave it for longer than a brief expedition in the family car or for his summer holidays. And afterwards he is glad to be back to "Good old Brum." But the stranger usually declares that he hates the place. He scoffs at the streets deserted at 11.30 at night when the last trams and buses leave the termini. He points to the over-zealous Watch Committee, who banned Pavlova on that memorable occasion; he laughs at Birmingham's quick growth and the pride of the Birmingham people. But he stays there and makes his money there, and in due course his children will be stout though dumb lovers of Brummagem. Which is all rather English.

Birmingham is not a city of gaiety; there are no big restaurants with orchestras and a chattering throng of restaurateurs. If you are out to dine and have no car, a rare occurrence to the Birmingham folk, in both ways, you will have to walk home if it is after 11.30. But that is because the people work hard during the day, and spend the evening in their homes with the wireless or "doing odd jobs," a pastime dear to the Birmingham man. One does not go out much in Birmingham, except in the week-end, when the family will take the car out, after father has tended it on the garage wash, and with mother sitting beside father, and with the children and the dog in the back, set off for the day's drive.

In its environs Birmingham is indeed blessed. To the north and the west lies the Black Country, but to the south lies some of the loveliest country of England. The Cotswolds, Warwickshire, Stratford-on-Avon, leafy lanes and rolling open country ideal for the family outing.

The young people belong to cycling clubs, and others hike in gay herds. The car-less families have the famous "licky Hills" to picnic on, or the 2,400 acres of Sutton Coldfield Park to rove in. On Saturday and Sunday the Birmingham family take to the out-of-doors, unless father insists on spending the time in his garden. In the week they work by day and take it easy at home by night.

Birmingham's only real link with the past is, characteristically enough, in its industry. Way back in the days when it was a manorial town, the craftsmen at their forges in Deritend were busy fashioning metal and iron to send out to the rest of England. Jewellers spent their working lives in their little workshops, designing and making watches, clocks and jewellery for the country. The number of trades has grown enormously, and Birmingham is one of the world's most important industrial centres, but the same old crafts are still practised diligently by the descendants of the ancient craftsmen.

In the crowded and ancient jeweller's quarter dry and matter-of-fact craftsmen spend weeks over one tiny brooch, while in a great works nearby the principles of mass production enable them to turn out 2,000 motor cars a week. There are factories devoted to every conceivable commodity. A factory employs many workpeople to make eyes for dolls, another will make a gigantic turbine to provide power for a city 20,000 miles away.

New factories, pleasant to look at, light and airy to work in, are being built along the wide roads outside the city. These new roads are divided in the centre with a wide stretch of grass, and if the tram route still remains along that road, the lines are here, keeping the one-way roads apart and providing a welcome feeling of space and a refreshing glint of green to the thoroughfares.

Birmingham has a very acute traffic problem in the city, where an enormous amount of traffic has to pass through the busy streets. To avoid traffic jams the one-way street principle has been introduced with such a fervour that the stranger despairs of getting to his destination before long and usually leaves his car, and walks. This is another grouse for the non-Brummagem man, but the inhabitants rather relish his dismay. If one-way streets are the new idea, with Belisha beacons and traffic lights, then, says he, Brum must have plenty. And it has.

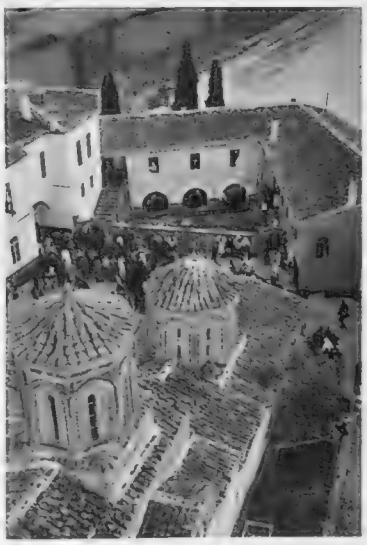
But Birmingham has every reason to be proud of its municipal government, for high efficiency marks

(Continued on page 120)

ANIMAL SACRIFICES IN SVETI NAUM:

A Strange Pilgrimage of Peasants Bringing Their Living Offerings to Holy Naum On Lake Ochrida in the Balkans

PICK-A-BACK SHEEP: Peasants bringing their offerings to the Abbey of Sveti Naum, where at the time of the annual festival they gather in their thousands, coming from afar on foot, on horseback, and in caravans. All are guests of the Abbey, and as many as possible assemble within its ancient walls



IN THE MONASTERY: The crowd pouring into the courtyard, which is surrounded by guest-houses, dining-halls, and cattle-stalls to house and feed both the pilgrims and their sacrificial beasts after their long journeys. The roof of the church itself (seen in the foreground) indicates its great age as an early Byzantine building

DEVOTION: Attending the special service conducted by the guest of honour, the Metropolitan Nicolas, who appears in resplendent robes

On right—
ANOTHER VIEW including the visiting Metropolitan Nicolas, entertaining two visitors in the guest chamber. A single big candle stands upon the table

On left
A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL PICTURE of the peasants embarking on their journey across Lake Ochrida to Sveti Naum, which lies at its southern end. The lake is some 18 miles long and lies between Albania on the west and Macedonian territory on the east

b

CENTRE OF ANCIENT DISCARDED TRADITION

Dawn on the Bosphorus

FLOWERS AND TREES ON A DESERT SITE

Central New Angora

MILITARY CONTROL OF THE NEW TURKEY

Building of the General Staff in Angora

BRITAIN HELPS

The Anglo-Turkish Armaments Credit Bi
Credits will Provide £10,000,000 for D

WESTERNISING THE YOUTH OF TURKEY

OF the smaller countries whose shores [are] washed by the Mediterranean, there is no[ne] whose friendship is more valuable to England tha[n] Turkey.

Recent events in Alexandretta have dra[wn] attention to the position which Turkey now occupi[es] in the eastern basin. They show that a nation ha[s] been reborn whose role internationally is likel[y] be increasingly important.

Anglo-Turkish relations have been excellent f[or] many years, and their closeness has recently re[-] ceived further proof in the conclusion of an expo[rt] credit agreement for £16,000,000. This sum [is] being lent to Turkey to enable her to buy Br[i-] manufactures: £10,000,000 will be devoted t[o] industrial development, while the other £6,000,0[00] is earmarked for purchases of war material, inclu[d-] ing warships, guns, and military equipment, und[er] a special Bill which was read a second time in th[e] House last week without a division.

Of all the post-war revolutions, Turkey's wa[s] probably the most final and fundamental. To th[e] social observer Turkey is an exciting place, fo[r] there, with the denial of theocracy and the ol[d] traditions, he can watch the literal re-making of [a] nation. With a favourable trade balance, Turke[y] is at present reaping the first fruits of frugality an[d] hard work.

In Istanbul the mackerel hawkers still cry the[ir] wares with "Glory to God—Fresh Fish!" b[ut] Angora all that is changed: there they deal [by] your order by telephone and motor-van. I[n] Angora have gone forth the westernising de[-] the changing of the written word, the casting of [the] and fez, the interdict on religious teaching in [the] schools. Below the minarets of Istanbul [is] Grand Bazaar where you may buy rugs [from] Bokhara and metal work of Samarkand, all [the] spices of Egypt, frankincense and myrrh. [In] Angora sports chromium-plated shops and [a] good trade in sophistication. There society dan[ces] to the tune of Paris fashions and cocktails and [at] noon bridge, and when the ladies of Angora [go] riding they sit astride. If they do these thi[ngs] little too exuberantly, perhaps it is only be[-] they remember for how long their freedom w[as] denied.

When Angora became the capital fifteen ye[ars] ago it housed a population of 50,000 people. To-[day] it has nearly 135,000 and the government [aim] at 500,000. So extensive is the scale on w[hich] Angora has been designed that the city still [has a] skeleton-like look.

The great central boulevard, flood-lit by night, which stretches from the gleaming railway station to Tchankaya, where the diplomats move and have their being, is clothed with an attenuated fringe of pleasant houses—mostly apartment blocks with neat little gardens. At the far end, towards Tchankaya, there are ministries still isolated in the steppe awaiting their attendant satellites.

NEIGHBOURING [EMBASSIES] POWERS AT ANGO[RA]

Behind my hotel, several hundred yards

TURKEY TO ARM

Provides for £6,000,000 for Arms and Export
velopment of Turkey's Mineral Wealth

A Scouts' Bugle Squad

away stood a fine mansion with no seeming connection to the general scheme; in the waste between the mansion and the hotel was erected a large fountain *à la* Bernini, lost, waterless, and alone. At night you may see twin rows of lights marching outwards into the steppe; these are the lights of streets which lack their houses. Great avenues and squares are traced in mud and sketched out with two or three handsome buildings.

Angora is the keypiece of the industrial framework which has been one of Atatürk's chief cares to construct. Starting from scratch the Turks have not only been able to avoid wholesale borrowing after the usual Balkan pattern, but even to buy out a good deal of foreign money invested in Turkish concerns. The industrialisation programme is intended to exploit expanding markets and so to equip Turkey that she may, as one Turk expressed it to me, "enter the society of European nations without being afraid that we shall give all and gain nothing." For the evil days of "capitulations" have not been forgotten, nor their lessons disregarded.

To tide over until they are possessed of sufficient knowledge and experience of their own, they now engage foreign experts, take foreign advice, and use (though cautiously) foreign credits—but only for the time being. Turkey must eventually proceed under her own steam

The annual value of industrial production shows a sharp and well-maintained increase on every year since 1932. In 1933 the Suemer Bank was created by the Government with a capital of 20,000,000 Turkish pounds (about 3,500,000 sterling). It has since been raised to 65,500,000 Turkish pounds (about 6,000,000 sterling) to finance an industrial five-year plan for the production of textiles, minerals, cellulose, pottery and glass, and chemicals. New factories in many parts of the country, notably at Kayseri and Naselli, chemical and paper works, witness to the progress that has been made.

The contract for one of the most important items in this programme—a complete steel works at Karabuek—was obtained by a British firm, Messrs. Brassert, in competition with Krupps. The credit arrangements for this contract were made with such good will—on our side by experts of the Export Credits Guarantee Department, who went to Angora early in 1936—that work was begun in spring of the following year. From this is derived the new agreement which has just been negotiated. A second five-year plan is projected to carry industrialisation into other spheres of production.

The New Persian Embassy

Angora is also the cultural centre of Turkey, for education has "got" Turkey with a vengeance. In 1928 Turkish writing was abolished and everyone went to school again, or for the first time, and the habit has stuck. The foundation of a completely new secular system, with a law establishing free compulsory education for all children, is one of Atatürk's greatest achievements. Although the end is not yet in sight the amount of pioneer work which has been

(Cont. on page 114)

FREE FROM HAREM AND YASHMAK

Girl Athletes Parading at Angora

THE SOCIAL EDUCATION OF TURKISH GIRLS

In the Commercial College, Angora

MECHANICAL PROGRESS—A CENTRAL ANATOLIAN DAM

A School of Construction, Angora

THE R.A.F. DISCOVER A LANDING: At dawn the defending aircraft swooped low over the beaches and discovered that certain points had apparently been occupied over night. The dropping of some sort of dummy bomb would have added to the realism here

Night landings formed a part of last week's concerted exercises between the Home Fleet, the 3rd Division, and the R.A.F. They took place at Torcross, Slapton and Strete. Each boat found its proper destination and the landings took place silently in highly creditable fashion

NAVAL RATINGS ASSIST AT THE LANDING: Advance parties of the K.O.S.B. and the 2nd Lincolns arrived in whalers and cutters manned by the personnel of five destroyers. These boat operations took place about 2 a.m.

THE TROPHY FOR THE CHAMPION COMPANY was awarded to Cadet Michael Heath at Woolwich Military Academy last week. Lieut.-General Sir Edmund Ironside is here seen presenting the handsome trophy

A PRIZE FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: This volume was presented to Gentleman Cadet (Corporal) C. R. Kewley by the French Military Attache for proficiency in French at Woolwich

MILITARY MATTERS : A Night Landing on the Channel Coast : Ceremonies at the Royal Military College, Woolwich

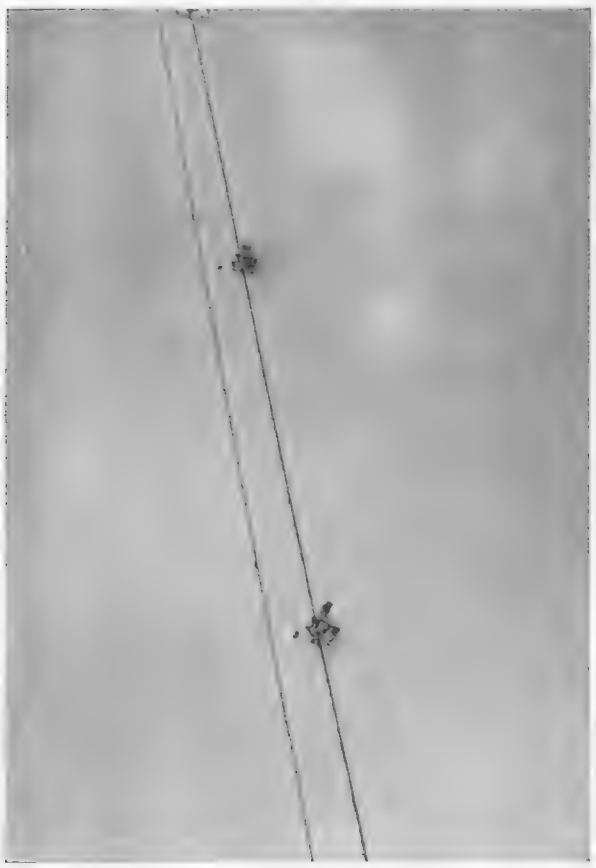
AFTER THE LANDING, POSITIONS ON THE CLIFFS WERE SECURED: The fortunes of the various landing parties varied. Some had to scramble up densely wooded slopes or wade through swampy ground in order to gain a position on the heights. The task of finding a track in the dark through unfamiliar country was successfully accomplished

PREPARING TO LAND HEAVY MOTOR VEHICLES ON THE DEVON SHORE: *Left*—Specially prepared beach tracks were laid before the big stuff came ashore. The tracks consisted of canvas material laid on heavy wire netting. This proved strong enough to bear the heaviest loads. *Below*—ON THE BEACH AT DAWN: Viscount Gort (on right), Chief of the Imperial Staff, watching operations during the attack on the Devon coast last week

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth during the operations by units of the Home Fleet, 3rd Division of the Army, and the R.A.F., on the south coast

On left in centre—A MARCH PAST OF CADETS AT WOOLWICH. A general view of the ceremony at the Military Academy last week

PORT SUDAN: The half-way house of the Red Sea. Many new harbour improvements have been effected owing to its rise in commercial importance and its situation as a rail-head port



DESERT LIFE-LINE: A section of Sudanese rail track seen from the air. Workers are busy on the line which on certain stretches is covered and damaged by sandstorms

CICATRISATION AS AN AID TO BEAUTY: A belle of the giant Latuka tribe of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the women of which average 6 ft. while the men often measure 6 ins. more

IN ERKOWIT REST CAMP

A Holiday Within Sight of the Red Sea In the Neighbourhood of Port Sudan

"ERKOWIT Rest Camp"—in the Red Sea hills—a strange address, and to the majority of the world outside the borders of that dry and barren land, the Sudan, not even a name, let alone its principal hill station.

Erkowit is not really comparable to Simla, of course, yet for the man or woman from the hot, dry plains of the Northern and Central Sudan, its green, rugged hills are a haven of peace and coolness and a welcome respite from the flat oppressiveness of the brazen sun.

A little Ford bus met the comfortable train in which we had made the 22 hrs. journey from Khartum. Then for 45 mins. we bumped over a rough road between rocky hills, with a magnificent view of great mountains rearing themselves up on the horizon.

Here and there were small cultivated patches of sandy ground where the tribesmen had sown their millet in anticipation of the rainy season, while the path itself conjured up incongruous visions of Kew Gardens, as suddenly round a bend a strange cactus with limbs growing at eccentric angles from a tall, straight prickly trunk would come into view. All along the ground over small rocks and stones sprawled numerous other varieties of the Euphorbia family, some of them bearing a striking resemblance to the serpent-headed Medusa. On this road it was that we saw our first dragon tree, with its gnarled trunk and branches and stiff, sword-shaped clusters of leaves, which in spring is a mass of delicate pink flowers.

In an open valley studded with little hills we came upon the camp. Here the ubiquitous kipper met us on the breakfast table, served, as usual, by white-robed and turbaned Sofragis. The plan of the camp, which is reminiscent of the tourist camps in Yellowstone National Park, is a simple one—a largish stone bungalow that contains dining, sitting rooms, open veranda and kitchen, surmounts a little hill, commanding a lovely view in all directions. Below this, dotted about among rocks, cacti and acacias, are small two-roomed sleeping bungalows with little verandas and tin roofs.

Our hut looked over the golf-course, and here we duly played our first round. It was the most astonishing game imaginable, for the course is laid out in a rocky valley, cactus trees and rocks, which most politely return the ball to your feet at the end of your best drive, forming the principal hazards There is no need for artificial bunkers and dog-legs, since a great hill in the centre of the fairway, or a deep sandy khore (dry water-course) can cause the unwary golfer plenty of trouble. The greens are in reality "browns," made of rolled sand, which are sometimes fast—if the top surface has been blown away—sometimes slow if they have been recently made up. Some very necessary wire surrounds each green, as on one occasion I found an inquisitive goat wondering if my ball, sitting neatly near the pin, was as good to eat as the scrubby grass he had been feeding on in the fairway.

Goats at Erkowit are as universal as the candelabra cactus or the wild olive tree. Each spring the Hadendowa herdsmen migrate from the plains below with their families and herds of short-haired goats, camels and donkeys to their summer pastures among the hills and valleys of Erkowit. They are a shy people these Hadendowa, loth to allow themselves to be photographed, and reserved with strangers almost to the point of inhospitality.

VIEW OF THE SUDAN RAILWAYS' REST CAMP from the top of a hill with the small, wild olive trees and acacias dotted among the rocks. The Provincial Governor's summer residence is in the middle distance to the right

KITTY'S LEAP: In reality a look-out northwards in the direction of Port Sudan. It will be noted that there is a marked contrast between the vegetation of the eastern slope looking seawards and the barren, rocky sides of the mountains on the far side of the valley

Tall and spare, with a mass of fuzzy hair, out of which sticks a long scratching-pin, made from the horn of the wild ibex, they belong racially to the group of Beja tribes, who have dwelt in the Red Sea hills for many centuries before the invasion of the Arabs; and they still speak their own traditional language, though they have long since adopted the Muslim faith, and can speak Arabic as well. The women all wear scarlet robes, but they are even shyer than the men, and hide their faces and run away as soon as one approaches too close to them.

Of recent years the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, as they are familiarly called, have learned to work on the cotton plantations, and in the winter months they go down to the picking in the Baraka delta, near Tokar, and also by the Gash river, where others of their tribe have settled permanently. At Port Sudan, Fuzzy-Wuzzies may be seen by the tourist, who will be instantly struck by their upright and somewhat haughty bearing as they nonchalantly lift cargo about the docks.

Though itself prolific in vegetation, it must not be supposed that there are many other places as green as Erkowit in that long range of barren and beautiful hills which the traveller to the Far East can see from the deck of a liner in the Red Sea. It is in reality simply the largest of a tiny handful of oases. By a fortuitous chance, nature has combined at Erkowit just the necessary ingredients to create a little paradise of verdure in a world of rocks and dryness.

Set among the mountains in such a way as to catch and retain the annual rainfall, which elsewhere tends to run straight off the steep slopes down to the plains, and to capture in its encircling hills heavy sea mists and damp winds for several months of the year, Erkowit, which is 3,600 ft. up, maintains a consistently warm and even temperature during the day, combined with cool nights. In early spring, after the winter rains, the ground is covered with grass and wild flowers in great profusion. These presently dry off in the summer, leaving only the numerous evergreen shrubs and cacti.

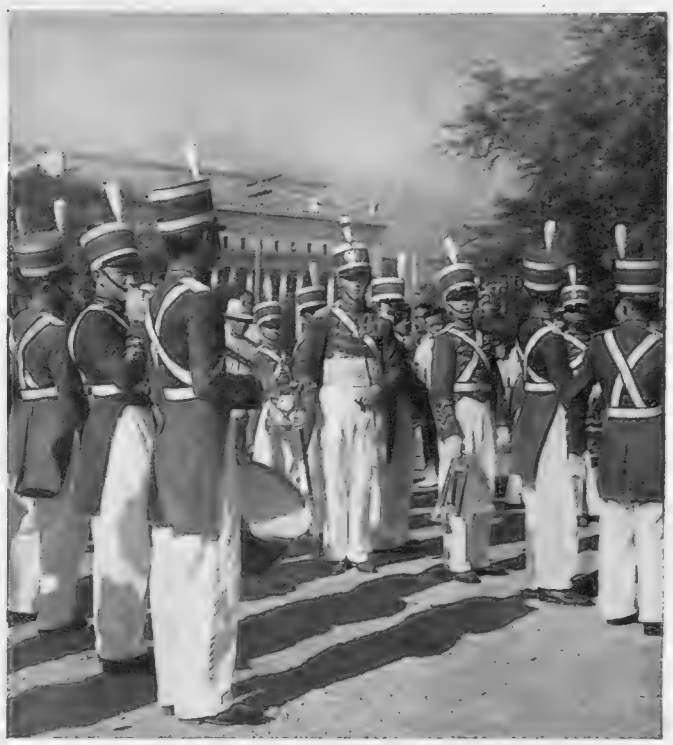
If one does not want to spend all one's time playing golf, tennis, or squash, then the most enjoyable thing to do is to go for long walks up and down the hills and valleys. The most beautiful walk is one which in less than an hour brings one to the edge of the plateau.

"Lady Kitty's Walk," leading to Kitty's Leap, is its local name, after a celebrated lady whose favourite walk

(Cont. on page 114)

FILIPINOS ON PARADE

Manila High School Pupils and University Students Undergoing Combulsory Military Training



THE UNIVERSITY BAND: Students with their brightly coloured uniforms and be-plumed shakos prepare to lead the columns seen *below* and *on left* attired in khaki and straw helmets

WATCHED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD: A detachment of uniformed students marching briskly across the parade ground, all in step bar one. A recent presidential decree has made it obligatory for all members of the high school and the university to train twice a week under military conditions. The older boys carry real guns and swords while the younger ones are equipped with wooden weapons. *On right*—A group of university standard bearers. One is carrying the American Stars and Stripes

MEN WHO SOAR AMONG THE CLOUDS

How they take Advantage of Ascending Bubbles of Air and Employ other Devices for Travelling Hundreds of Miles in an Engineless Plane

SEARCHING FOR UP-CURRENTS: These two engineless planes which have started off from the high Down country near Dunstable experience at first the uplift of a horizontal wind turned upwards by the curve of the hill country. On going farther afield these glider planes will search for railway tracks or other specialised areas which are likely to be throwing up invisible bubbles of heated air

IF you have never seen a flock of eight or nine man-carrying motorless aircraft flying silently to and fro above and along the lip of a hill, you have reason to think that such a picture belongs to a book of fantasy. Yet you can see this very picture almost any week-end if you journey out to the Dunstable Hills, within a stone's throw of Whipsnade. With slender, tenuous wings outstretched, these sailplanes, as high performance gliders are called, ride for hours on end the invisible pillars of air that stretch upwards to the sky, and defy the law of gravity as effortlessly as seagulls soaring above a windswept cliff face.

The science of soaring has really only been developed since the war, when the Germans turned their attention to the possibilities of motorless flight because of the restrictions placed upon power flight by the Versailles Treaty. But one of the first authenticated soaring flights was made by Orville Wright as far back as 1911, when he managed to stay in the air in a motorless glider for 9 mins. 45 secs. To-day, thousands of men and women have taken up soaring as a fascinating hobby, which calls for courage, skill, endurance, and limitless patience. Their reward makes it all worth while. The supreme satisfaction of emulating the flight of a bird, of remaining aloft with only your skill to find rising air currents as your engine, and the indescribable beauty of soaring silently on the winds far above the noise and distractions of the earth.

The soaring pilot has already achieved performances which would have sounded well nigh incredible a few years ago. Flying a sailplane that looked more like a gull than a man-made machine of plywood and glue, a Russian not so long ago flew the amazing distance of 405 miles with no mechanical assistance whatsoever. Another Russian carried a passenger in a sailplane 230 miles. A German remained aloft for 40 hrs. and 55 mins., while three other Germans on another occasion carried out a formation flight of three sailplanes of 313 miles. The world's height record for sailplanes is held by a German who soared silently on the winds up to 14,190 ft. above his starting point, and another took a passenger with him up to 10,840 ft.

Spectacular as these achievements are, I do not think they compare with flights by men and women who announce before they set off where they intend to land. These pilots do not rest on the winds of chance, but have to fight every inch of the way to keep in the air and to fly a pre-determined course. Is it not fantastic that a pilot—a woman this time, by name Hanna Reitsch—has made a "goal" flight of 218 miles? Or even more spectacular, a "round-trip" flight of 155 miles, flying without any aid from an engine round a mark 77½ miles away and landing again at her starting point?

British pilots, too, have made some fine flights and are becoming more proficient at this most difficult of arts every day. Mr. Philip Wills has flown 209 miles to a point near St. Austell in Cornwall. On another occasion quite recently this same pilot attained a height of over 10,000 ft. And Mr. J. C. Neilan as far back as 1935 remained soaring in the air for 13 hrs. 7 mins.

How is it that a man can keep himself and his plane in the air for these long periods without some mechanical assistance? The air is in a continual state of turbulence, to a greater degree on some days than on others. We on the surface of the earth feel this turbulence in the form of horizontal winds. What we do not feel are the vertical winds and air currents which are there no less often than horizontal winds. These vertical currents are formed, in the main, by one of two circumstances. Either a horizontal wind is formed into a vertical wind by striking the slope of a hill or some other obstacle, or a vertical current of air is formed above an area that is warmer than its surroundings.

A NEW LONG-DISTANCE RECORD HOLDER: Mr. Philip Wills, who recently established a record by gliding 209 miles from Heston Airport to St. Austell, Cornwall, in 6 hours

By

NIGEL TANGYE

It stands to reason that a tremendous amount of skill and experience is demanded of a pilot before he can discover these invisible pillars and bubbles of air which will keep him suspended. And having once found them, more skill is required to keep in them. The easiest to find is the upward wind that is always on the crest of a hill whose slope is to windward.

It is on this wind that the sailplanes are riding when you see them flying to and fro a few hundred feet above the crest of a hill. This rising wind is only local, and a pilot who wishes to make a long flight uses it only to gain his preliminary height. Once this is attained, he strikes off in search of a rising current of warm air, called a thermal. As soon as he reaches one he feels himself being lifted, and his instruments will tell him at what speed.

In order to gain height he will circle in this warm bubble for as long as it lasts. It may take him up thousands of feet, or it may be a few hundred. Once he gets into the region of clouds—fat billowy cumulus are the best—he is in clover and all set for a probable long flight. Indeed "cloud-hopping" (soaring from one cloud to another) is the real joy of soaring, and the bigger and more menacing the cloud, the more welcome it is to the sailplane pilot in his frail machine, because the fiercer are the up-currents in front of it.

It is well known that hot air rises. Air in contact with some feature of the landscape which absorbs the heat of the sun more than its surroundings (cornfields, woods, stretches of asphalt or railway lines are such features) becomes warmed and therefore rises, leaving room for cooler air to take its place which, in turn, is warmed, and so on. Theoretically, this results in a column of warm air rising upward all the while. In practice, the warm air takes the form of gigantic invisible bubbles which become dislodged every now and then and rise upward.

A glider, or sailplane, is so designed as to have as low a flying speed as possible (the minimum speed at which it will remain airborne), and because of it having no engine, it has to maintain this speed by gliding "downhill." The rate at which it loses height in this manner is also designed to be as low as possible. If a sailplane is launched off the top of a hill in perfectly still air, it will glide gently down to earth, losing height at a rate of perhaps 3 ft. per second.

Now supposing the air into which it is launched instead of being still, is rising en masse at a rate of 4 ft. per second, the glider will be climbing away from the earth at a rate of 1 ft. per second. So long, therefore, as a sailplane pilot is able to find and remain in a column of air that is rising at a greater rate than his machine is dropping, then he will be able to soar away from the earth's surface.

The initial launching of a sailplane into the air can be accomplished in a number of ways. The most popular are catapulting from the top of a hill, launching by winch by means of a long rope attached to the sailplane which the pilot disconnects when he has reached 300 ft. or 400 ft., and being towed by aeroplane up to a height of 1,000 ft. or so.

A pilot is trained by easy stages from short ground hops of 5 secs. and 6 secs. flights in a primary machine to teach him the use of the controls, up to simple gliding flights from the top of a hill. His total time alone in the air until the time he makes his first flight from the top of a hill is probably not more than 5 mins., made up of a series of 6 secs. to 10 secs. hops! Yet fatal accidents among glider pilots are extremely rare.

CASTING LOOSE: Among the many methods of launching a sailplane is the style shown above, which consists of a length of rope, the two ends of which are held by ground crews and the centre is connected to the glider. The men commence running and the glider rises kite-fashion. The pilot casts the rope adrift when he has attained the necessary altitude

SEA ROVERS: A remarkable action study on a surf-driven Indian coast, by N. K. Patham

NEW PICTURES FROM INDIA

On left—This study by the Simla studios of New Delhi shows a remarkable animal, the Junagadh State's (Gir Bull) Prince. His curved-back forehead and the short stubby horn, the humped back, the drooping ear, the quilted folds beneath the neck would all make Prince a sight indeed on a Suffolk farm. His splattered colouring, too, would hold the eye. When the First All-India Cattle Show was held in the earlier part of this year at New Delhi, the Junagadh State's Prince was pronounced the best animal in the show and thus won the Marchioness of Linlithgow Challenge Cup (presented by the Viceroy). It also won H.E.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad's prize for the best bull in the show

BEST IN THE SHOW: A study of a fine bull, Prince, who won the Linlithgow Challenge Cup and the prize for the best animal in the show at New Delhi

On right—Primitive courtship and marriage in India. Except among the enlightened minority there is no courtship in the East as we know the word. Arrangements are made by parents, with questions of dowry and financial considerations hinging on the bridegroom's status and pay bulking large. Curiously enough, it is among the so-called "backward tribes" that one finds most freedom in these matters, even to the extent of companionate marriage among some of the Tadvi Bhils: a couple go off into the jungle and return to say "We are married,"—and divorce or unhappy marriages are rare! This picture shows the act of washing a bride and bridegroom in order to remove the tumeric paste with which they are rubbed on the morning of their wedding. This washing is done in public and is an old established practice among these primitive hill-people who, on account of their long period of isolation from the rest of the world, have retained unchanged many highly individual customs

STRANGE STO
of NIAS, a Dutch

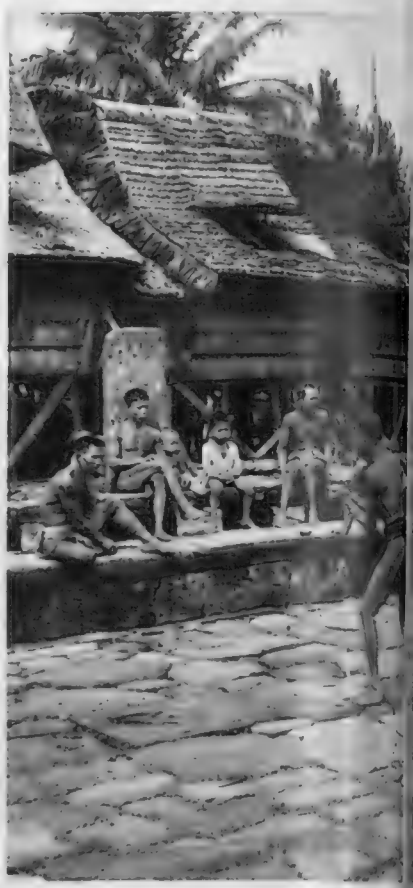
A Megalithic Cult No Longer

ANCIENT STONE MASONRY OF MEGALITHIC TYPE: These stone walls and stairway are to be found in the village of Bawamataluo. The fitting together of the squared and shaped stones carries the mind away to the pre-Spanish stonework in Peru and Central America. Some Nias youngsters are posing above, in order to give a gauge of the size of the stonework

A RESTING PLACE FOR THE RETURNED DEAD: Belief in the return of the spirits of the dead has led to the construction of chairs or seats on which the spirits could rest. They are not graves, but ghostly resting places. This drum-shaped seat has supporting arms carved in low relief

IN the Indian Ocean some 80 miles from the west coast of Sumatra lies the island of Nias. It has been called the island of stone monuments. And indeed its present-day villages, which are themselves remarkable for their timber dwellings, are full of the most astonishing evidences of a megalithic culture, which stretches from a dim past down to quite recent times. Stone paths lead through the island towards the villages which are on the hill tops; stone steps wide and skilfully cut lead to the entrances of the villages; in the villages

PATTERING FEET FOR A CHILDLESS MAN: A man dying without children is described as "one who does not leave footmarks." Two feet have been carved on this stone



STONE SEATS STILL IN USE AS A COURT- of big stones which appear to be still use in front is defending himself against a of attendant armed guard is grac

TWO TAPERING STONE PILLARS IN Th Batu Nitaruo, are erected in front of th flanked with other heavy stone seats paved. The clever use of stone is now much in evidence

themselves one is confronted with an astonishing variety of stone memorials to great chiefs, and chairs and other resting places for the spirits of the departed, all skilfully cut and carved.

The southern end of the island is particularly rich in these stone treasures which are still largely a puzzle to ethnological science. It seems extraordinary that a primitive people who know no written

NE MONUMENTS
Island off Sumatra

Practised on "the Island of Gold"

In the paved square of this village there are seats as a kind of informal magisterial court. The man accusation of having broken village law. Some kind fully supporting himself with his spear

STONE MONUMENTS IN FRONT OF A CHIEF'S HOUSE: These monuments have been erected either during a chief's lifetime or after his death. This shaft bears the chief's crest. It rises above some other horizontal memorial stones, one of which is carved with a series of flowers in circles. Some of the stones are of very large size. This chief's house is very attractively decorated

On right—Two illustrations showing how the headdress and decorative objects worn by a Nias priestess have been perpetuated in stone on a seat back. There is the little tight-fitting hat with two plumes, the bar with circles extending on each side of the head and the lunette breastplate and wonder of wonders, a little handbag

Below—A BOAT-SHAPE RESTING PLACE: Imaginative Nias folk must, in the past, have seen their village squares peopled with ghostly forms

VILLAGE OF BAWAMATALUO: These pillars, called chief's house. They are about 15 ft. high and are This part of the village square is very carefully thing of the past on Nias. The children seem but not their elders

language should have created such remarkable works in stone.

A close examination shows that there are two different kinds of monument: those which have been erected during the lifetime of a chief and those put up by relatives in honour of the dead.

The finest examples of memorial pillars are to be found in Bawamataluo, the biggest and richest village of Nias and the seat of powerful

(*Continued on page* 114)

RHEIMS RESTORAT

The Splendid Gothic Cathedral Which Su the Great War Seen as

CARVED FIGURES ADORNING THE GREAT TRIPLE DOORWAYS: This saint, flanked by two winged angels, has lost part of his head, and both hands have gone. The angels have also lost hands, but are otherwise well preserved

THE WEALTH OF CARVING which adorns the wes ron were preserved scatheless owing to elaborate sca ing

THE BURNING OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL AFTER THE SEPTEMBER BOMBARDMENT IN 1914: Reproduced from a double-page drawing in "The Sphere" by the late Chas. W. Wyllie. The bombardments of Rheims began about September 14 after the Germans had evacuated the city. Scaffolding caught fire and later the timbers of the roof. On the 19th the building was riddled with shell. *On right*—Looking into the interior of the cathedral, showing damaged stonework to left and right

ELSEWHERE in this issue we give pictures of the celebrations which took place at Rheims on Sunday last to commemorate the completion of the restoration of the great Gothic cathedral. Here we give pictures of the architectural detail of the building as it now stands, together with pictures illustrating the fire and some of the damage done by the 287 shells which struck the cathedral at various points.

Writing in April, 1918, Mr. G. H. Perris, a noted correspondent of the great war, said: "The Cathedral of Saint Louis is not falling. Wonderful was the work of the builders. More buttresses, pinnacles, gargoyles, and stone railings have been shattered, more statues chipped, and rain, entering freely by a large rent in the roof, has worked invisible damage since my last visit in November. The cathedral has been again struck. The uplifted sword of Joan of Arc in the bronze equestrian statue before the cathedral has been cut in half. As it stands, gashed and discoloured, the vast shell has a strange magnificence and a piteous loveliness like that of some of the broken splendours that remain to us from the ancient world."

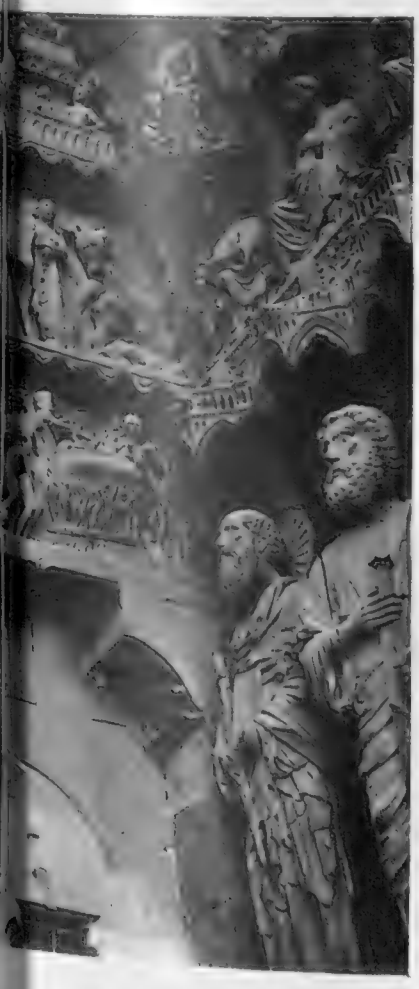
The immediate surroundings of the cathedral suffered very severely. "The northern and eastern quarters

TION CELEBRATED

ered So Much During the Earlier Part of Now Is and Once Was

ront of Rheims Cathedral as it is to day. Some figures ing which was added after the first attack by shell-fire

THE SMILING ANGEL AND TWO SAINTS: These figures, although they too have lost their hands, are among the most fascinating of all the figures on the great portals. The attitude of [the figure on the right is particularly felicitous



were already in ruins," wrote another correspondent. "Now the centre of the city is gutted. Of the public buildings the central squares, built in the time or after the Counts of Champagne, the cloth warehouses and workshops, the private residences, bazaars, and shops, nothing stands but rows of smoking walls, half buried in fallen rafters and masonry. The theatre resembles a charcoal kiln, the Law Courts are no better than a plot of ground encumbered with burnt debris, the ancient hotels of the Place Royale, and Maison de Musiciens, the sixteenth century's legacy to the city, are destroyed."

On left—TRACES OF BOMBARDMENT PURPOSELY LEFT: On the wall beneath some of the smaller carved figures splinter marks still record the many bombardments

A STREET LEADING TO THE CATHEDRAL: From a photograph taken during a later stage of the war

SOME OF THE FIRST DAMAGE INFLICTED: The white portions show where fragments of stone were broken away

THE TRIALS OF A PRODUCER: The rehearsal scene in *Comedienne* is almost agonising in its actuality to anyone with a knowledge of play production. Donna Lovelace, the once famous actress, staging a "come-back," arrives hours late at the first rehearsal of her new play. She further delays matters by sending her chauffeur for ice cream cornets for the entire company. Lilian Braithwaite in centre with Alan Webb the much-harassed producer

A LITTLE LATER IN THE SAME SCENE IN "COMEDIENNE": Little or no progress has been made with rehearsal when Donna Lovelace meets her leading man—and is at once politely rude to him. "Do you act much?" she says—"or ought I to know?" Lilian Braithwaite as Donna is here seen finally appeasing Julian Harley who is acted by Edgar Norfolk. The whole entertaining scene has been drawn very cleverly by Ivor Novello

AFTER THE OUTBURST—"YOU WANT ME TO APOLOGISE?": Fabia Drake as Ruth Wilder has a magnificent five minutes when she pours out her pent-up anger with the vagaries of Donna Lovelace whom she has been privately befriending for a long time. But the play must go on and the producer (Alan Webb) tells Ruth Wilder that she must apologise to the leading lady

DRAMA, BALLET

'COMEDIENNE' IVOR NOVELLO'S CLEVER STAGE COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET

IN the days when most theatres had a settled and definite policy, *Maritza* would inevitably have been seen at the now demolished Daly's, whose last production was concerned with the problems of faith-healing and the religious beliefs of Roman Catholic priests. It has come instead (not without preliminary legal canters) to the Palace, which is larger and more comfortable. A large and comfortable piece, in the sense that the production is lavish and the chorus numerous, and that it need involve no one in the possibly uncomfortable process of thinking, its chief virtue is Herr Emmerich Kalman's pretty music.

This is in the idiom of shortly-after-the-war (when, in fact, it was written) and if not quite up to the standard of pre-war Lehar, it is remarkably good of its kind. The theme-tune, "Play, Gipsy," has been heard in most Mittel-European restaurants for years (I have even heard it on board a liner in the Pacific) and that portion of London which has not already hummed it is probably humming it by now.

The story, which matters hardly at all except in that it serves its purpose, is of a rich countess who returns to her country estate, which is managed by her steward, a good-looking tenor in riding-breeches. He is a count, in disguise for some unfathomable reason, and she falls in love with him. There is the usual misunderstanding, in this case because the count pays some attention to a pretty blonde of rather later vintage than the countess—that is to say, he calls her "Darling," and so forth. Why not, since she is his sister? The audience know this, but the countess does not, because if she had known there would have been no play. When the misunderstanding reaches its climax, this very intimate problem is discussed in the presence of guests at the castle, happy peasantry, gipsy band, etc., who tactfully turn their faces to the back-cloth, after the manner of prayer-time at the House of Commons.

This is a musical-play convention of long, long standing and seems to me sillier every time I see it. But it has to be, for domestic distress has to give way to the claims of the music; there is a dramatic chorus waiting just round the corner in the score; and the guests and the peasantry must be there to sing it.

The Palace chorus sing well and enter into the musically Hungarian scheme of things with plenty of zest. They are at the best when the countess suggests a sort of cabaret entertainment in her house and in a sudden rush of the carnival spirit shouts "Lights, lights!" Upon which most of the lights at once went out, and the stage, which had been bathed in electricity, was plunged into appropriate gloom.

"The Pest of Budapest."—Fortunately, Mr. Douglas Byng, who had floated about hitherto somewhat aimlessly as an exotically dandified prince, improving a few chestnuts with his amusing personality, here had the chance to shine in that line of the entertainment business which is peculiarly his own. His song "I'm the pest of Budapest" is a good deal funnier than the title may suggest, and the accompanying "business" is funnier still.

This impersonation of a middle-aged female violinist in national costume, sawing away at her white fiddle, has an honoured place in Mr. Byng's portrait gallery. Indeed, Mr. Byng seems to be responsible for nearly all the play's humour. The official low-comedian is Mr. Shaun Glenville, and a very fine low-comedian I have known him to be. On this occasion, the authors having provided him with no apparent material in this direction, Mr. Glenville had to fall back on, and after, tripping over his sword, on sitting on his spurs, and on banging his face against the proscenium arch during a quick exit. All of which he does as well as any man in Illyria. Even more meagre were Mr. Arthur Chesney's chances; he had little to do except to look exactly like Mr. Arthur Chesney or Mr. J-m-s Ag-te.

Miss Mara Losseff, in the title-role, sang the by no means easy music with professional skill, though with a rather hard tone. Her appearance at times has a genial touch of Miss Sophie Tucker and her speaking voice is the voice of Bergner *et hoc genus omne*. A very genuine singing and dancing success was scored by Miss Patricia Leonard, the sister who caused all the trouble. Miss Leonard is on her way to glittering stardom if I am not vastly mistaken. Mr. John Garrick has a pleasant appearance and a good easy way with him, rare in any form of tenor, and he certainly knows how to sing.

Ballets, New and Old.—The first new ballet of the season at Covent Garden, *Protée*, is a short and slight affair, but none the worse on that account. M. Lichine has taken Debussy's "Danses Sacrées et Profanes"—as familiar as they are charming—as the musical accompaniment to some terpsichorean amours of Proteus, who is here described as a god. Proteus was not in fact a god but a demi-god, though that does not prevent him, in the person of M. Lichine, dancing gracefully about to the sound of Debussy's demi-semi-quavers. He makes his entrance between two preposterous horses, designed, as is the rest of the scene, by M. Chirico. These horses caused vast hilarity at the first performance among the dyed-in-the-wool balletomanes, who, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, must be very easily amused.

I often wonder whether it is possible to have a thorough enthusiasm for ballet and a sense of humour at the same time. What leads me to this egotistical speculation is the childishness of much that is intended

AND THE FILMS:

Hungarian Light Music at the Palace—A New Ballet at Covent Garden —Yellow Jack as a Film Subject at the Empire

By PHILIP PAGE

to be funny in ballet and the oddity of nearly all that one is supposed to regard with such solemn reverence. When, for instance, eight young men, dressed rather like Hamlet, leap in the air and spin round on each of the opening notes of the last movement of Brahms's Fourth Symphony ("Choreartium") I am quite unable to feel impressed and can only see that the whole business is slightly ridiculous—and it is an even chance that Old Man Brahms himself would have had similar views. Yet for your real balletomane this is, I gather, a supreme moment. Several books on ballet have told me that this is so (and, of course, everything one reads in a book on ballet must be true).

For all that, I can, and do, derive plenty of pleasure from ballet without coming near rubbing my forehead on the ground in a spirit of reverent adulation before it, and pleasure in plenty is afforded by this latest effort at Covent Garden, which thus brings us back to *Protée*. M. Lichine is assisted in his gambols by a group of deliciously graceful young girls, the best of them being Mlle Osato, who is not a Russian at all but a Japanese who talks (and talks with exceptional intelligence, too) with a New York accent. Not the least important contribution to the success of *Protée* is the harp-playing of Miss Goossens

That the audience for the revival of *Cotillon* was as fashionable as it was vast cannot be wholly due to the fact that the men's costumes in this ballet suggest a hunt ball and that one scene seems to mean, so far as anything here has any meaning at all, that "the hunt is up." Be that as it may, a touch of Craven Lodge and Melton Mowbray *à la Russe* cannot possibly do any harm. *Cotillon*, as its name denotes, is a display of the organised games wealthy and healthy but possibly not very wise young grown-ups play when they are at a party; there is no need to make any sort of mystery about it, which I find there is a tendency to do. Anyone who can discover a hidden meaning in *Cotillon* will soon be declaring in all seriousness that Blind Man's Buff is part of the programme of the Witches' Sabbath.

What is much more important is that Chabrier's music is full of vitality and piquancy and that the thing is danced to perfection, with Mlle Riabouchinska outstanding as always.

A Noel Coward Film—And Some Others.—New York saw Mr. Noel Coward's play, *Design for Living*, but it was considered for various reasons to be too strong meat for London. To what extent the watering-down process has been carried out in the film version I know not, for I am unfamiliar with the original. The film, as I have just seen it at the Plaza, shows a *menage à trois* on new lines, though not, apparently, on very wicked ones. This is in no sense a masterpiece, nor, I suspect, was it ever a masterpiece; but beyond question it is good entertainment, and it was well worth digging up again. Miss Miriam Hopkins is an alluring person and a good actress, and Mr. Fredric March and Mr. Gary Cooper are her companion stars.

With *Design for Living* is a new film which is simply a cabaret show on an extensive and expensive scale. If you like the humour of Mr. Harry Richman, the blonde vocalism of Miss Evelyn Dall, Miss Florence Desmond's uncanny talent for imitating stage and film celebrities, and the jazz music of Ambrose and his dance band, you cannot fail to like this contraption, which is labelled, for no reason at all that I could discover, *Kicking the Moon Around*. It is terrifyingly efficient and must have cost a devil of a lot of money in salaries.

The official "blurb" accompanying the announcements of *Yellow Jack* at the Empire has a good old-fashioned ring about it—"Five men locked in the strangest death-house ever built . . . not for culprits but for heroes. Gallant volunteers who offered their lives . . . and a girl who staked her love."

And so on. You would not think that a romantic film could be made out of yellow fever, for all the heroism of those who allow themselves to become infected with it in the cause of science. But Hollywood is not daunted by that kind of obstacle and the girl who staked, etc., is, of course, a nurse, with whom the infected and affectionate hero is in love. Miss Virginia Bruce and Mr. Robert Montgomery are the lovers and the film is not so science-ridden that it is unpalatable to the non-scientific film-patron. Even the feverish episodes are occasionally spotted with humour.

GLADYS COOPER AT REGENT'S PARK: Rehearsing their parts for *Twelfth Night*, Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale are here seen on the grassy stage at the Open Air Theatre. Philip Merivale plays the cross-gartered major-domo and Gladys Cooper the part of Olivia. The Greek play, *Lysistrata*, in which these two notable actors will appear, is also in preparation

A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR HONOURED: C. Aubrey Smith, the famous film actor cricketer, seen leaving for Buckingham Palace a few days ago when he received the C.B.E. His many admirers share with him the pleasure of this occasion

A BRILLIANT EFFORT CLEVERLY RECORDED: Serge Lifar has been appearing at the Paris Opera House in the ballet based on the story of Icarus, the son of Daedalus, whose waxen wings are melted by the rays of the sun, which he had approached too closely. Pierre Boucher here pictures the fallen Icarus at the end of his too venturesome flight

IN TYPICAL ESSEX COUNTRY: Across this stretch of grass and corn land can be seen the old post mill at Ramsey. It is now in the hands of a prominent biscuit manufacturer of Ipswich, who employs the mill for the grinding of a particular kind of meal for the making of a particular kind of biscuit. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments recently assisted in its renovation

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE WILD ROSE

A study of a Suffolk hedge-row when the wild rose was in full bloom. Both pictures are recent studies by Douglas Went

SOME NOTABLE NEW BRIDGES

SPANNING THE SACRED RIVER: The new bridge across the Jordan which replaces the old Allenby Bridge seen on the right. Built of steel which was sent specially from England, it was erected under the direction of an Arab engineer, Afif Bey Tuqan, and measures 246 ft. in length and is 20 ft. wide. The old bridge has been in process of dismantling and is to be re-erected higher up the river at Jisn Damieh in order to open up road connections between Nablus and Transjordania

A DRASTIC TEST FOR ANY BRIDGE: An astonishing vision of thousands of tree ...gs, which were waiting to be floated down river, jammed against the Vaennaes ...ilway bridge, Northern Sweden, as the result of the sudden melting of the snows and the consequent flooding of all the rivers in that region

A NEW AMERICAN BRIDGE IN THE DESERT: This concrete structure is unusual in the sense that it crosses what may be described as a man-made river. The bridge forms part of one of the motor highways crossing Southern California. The giant canal will eventually carry the waters of the Colorado River

THE NEW VERRUGAS BRIDGE OF THE PERUVIAN CENTRAL RAILWAY: The recently-completed bridge over the Verrugas Gorge, which carries the Peruvian Central Railway over a ravine in the lower slopes of the Andes, is a very interesting structure from many points of view. Its elevation above sea-level is just upon 6,000 ft. The geological formation of the gorge presented difficulties. The conglomerate, through which it is cut, contains boulders of various sizes which are safe enough in dry weather, but during a rain-storm may become detached and crash into the stream below. An old bridge, which the new one now replaces, suffered on several occasions from these boulders. The new one has been built in close proximity to the old, which is about to be demolished; it is seen behind the new structure in the picture here given (by courtesy of Messrs. Livesey and Henderson, the consulting engineers for the work). Another local difficulty was the threat of an insidious disease known as verrugas, from which the gorge takes its name. It had fatally attacked the workmen when the old bridge was under construction before it was discovered that it was due to a minute insect which was only dangerous to humans after sundown. Several schemes were discussed before the final design of three main spans supported on two steel towers was decided upon. The sides of the gorge had first to be cleaned up in order to minimise the boulder danger, and the stream had to be canalised to a certain extent to reduce possible choking. The work of construction was then successfully carried through in one year. Not a single workman fell a victim to the verrugas disease owing to a system of transportation every evening to safe sleeping quarters

NEWCOMERS at the ZOO

A Page for Animal Lovers

LIVING UP TO ITS NAME: The Red Howler monkey, which hails from South America, where it inhabits dense jungles. The tongue bones are modified to form a resonator, enabling it to produce a howling sound out of all proportion to its size

UNSETTLED OUTLOOK: Another view of the American Red Howler showing its powerful claws and queer dog-like snout. With its highly prehensile tail it easily climbs the high trees of its natural habitat and, with its terrific voice, can be heard for miles. He is here crouching on the back of his keeper

STILL TOO WEAK TO STAND: Five seven-day-old budgerigars which were recently hatched out at Regent's Park, destined to take their place in the aviary. They are already acquiring the brilliant plumage and the thoughtfully grave demeanour typical of the species. These birds are greatly increasing in popularity as household pets

AN UNWILLING PUPIL: This is the first picture of Sue, the ten-day-old pup of Nibby the sea lion. Strangely enough, young sea lions show great reluctance in taking to the water but are broken to it with great thoroughness by the parents

LUNCH-TIME INTERLUDE: The three-day-old baby Hangut deer with its mother, who hails from Kashmir, India. Very soon the offspring will shed its spotted coat which will be replaced by one of uniform brown like that of its parents

CONDEMNED or REPRIEVED?

The Sad Story of Destructive Effort Throughout the Country and How it Has to be Constantly Watched and Challenged

OLD GABLE-FRONTED HOUSES IN BRISTOL TO DISAPPEAR: These seventeenth-century houses in the heart of the city, at the corner of Little Peter Street, are soon to be demolished to make way for modern shops. There was a double overhang which gave the buildings an exceptionally antique air. *Below* is seen another overhanging structure in immediate proximity to the two shown above. All three have great tourist value, an aspect of the case often overlooked by municipal authorities

ROAD-SIDE COTTAGES IN HAMPSHIRE IN JEOPARDY: These brick and timber cottages in Titchfield have been condemned under the Housing Acts. With their carved brackets and projecting rafter ends they present a very pleasing appearance and help to make a visit to Titchfield worth while. An effort has been made to save them, as they are stated to be in a generally sound condition. As far as we know, they have not been pronounced vermin-ridden

CHESHAM'S THREATENED TOWN HALL CAN BE RETAINED: The old town hall here shown is threatened with destruction. It is a pleasantly designed building with an attractive clock turret rising at one end. It could be preserved see suggestion in paragraph below. This drawing has just been made for "The Sphere" by Dennis Flanders

It is proposed shortly to demolish Chesham Old Town Hall in the interests of transport, because the main street in which the hall stands is supposed to be too narrow. Since a worse bottle-neck exists in the foreground of the view, this will eventually mean the demolition of the whole of one side of the main street, which is full of delightful eighteenth-century houses and includes a fine old coaching-inn. Surely it would be wiser to preserve the hall, and better for transport to take down the houses shown *behind* the Market Hall, which are built over the river Chess, and make the resulting space into a road and so have one-way traffic, rather than sacrifice an obvious attraction to the town

CASTLE LODGE, LUDLOW, TO GO TO AMERICA: Ludlow has a good deal of timber in it, but can it afford to lose such an excellent example of good Elizabethan work?

EVEN BUILDINGS LIKE THIS ARE NOT SAFE: The stone-built almshouses at Moreton Hampstead, Devon, were recently threatened with destruction. Such stone arcades are as rare as they are beautiful. Fortunately Ministry of Health requirements have now been met and the almshouses are to stand

A LINK WITH THE PAST: A quintette whose names are household words in the literary world, from left to right, are: Michael Davies (of Peter and Michael Davies, publishers), Audrey Lucas, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mrs. E. V. Lucas, and E. V. Lucas, whose death was announced just ten days before the publication (July 7) of his daughter's novel for which a big success has been predicted. It appears from the publishing house of Collins under the title *Old Motley*, and, as this suggests, is a story of the theatre. The book is likely to show that "E. V." has left us a worthy heir to the Lucas tradition in letters

A BOOK with the title of **THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING** (Heinemann. 15s.) seems to have a special significance at a time when half the world is bent on the destruction of life, or appears to be engaged in wholesale preparations for its destruction. The author, Mr. Lin Yutang, will be remembered for that distinguished and disturbing book, *My Country and My People*, and who is a Chinese scholar who does not disdain to impart the civilisation and culture of his people to the western world.

In a sense he is a missionary, but unlike most missionaries he is at some pains to correlate his own culture with that which he finds best in western ideals. He finds, for instance, that "the only function of philosophy is to teach us to take life more lightly and gaily than the average business man does." In the west he finds a machine civilisation essentially opposed to a culture which is a product of leisure, and therefore inferior to "the carefree, idle, happy-go-lucky and often poetic temperament."

He pleads that the highest ideal of Chinese culture is that a man should have a sense of detachment towards life based on a sense of wise disenchantment, and from which he derives his "sense of freedom, his love of vagabondage, and his pride and nonchalance." In a time of stress such a book is an oasis of calm and clear thinking, and a pointer to some of the highest attainments in human activity. Mr. Lin Yutang carries his message nobly, and this book is one which may not make much noise in the world so constituted to-day, but has, for one reader at least, a value beyond so many of the thousands which have been pouring from the printing presses in this troubled year.

"*Qu'as tu fait . . . de ta jeunesse?*" is a question, says Lady Oxford, which many women ask themselves, and it has inspired her to ask it of several distinguished women of to-day, and to collect their answers in a brilliant symposium, **MYSELF WHEN YOUNG** (Frederick Muller. 12s. 6d.).

Lady Oxford chose well when she was marshalling her contributors. Chanel writes with charming lightness, as airy as one of her black and white organdies; Mary Lady Minto with a dignity and yet a liveliness that explains her great popularity as wife of the Governor-General in Canada in the '90's; Ethel Levey shows the humour which one would have expected, and the sturdy common sense which one might not; and Sylvia Pankhurst draws a picture of the early days of women's suffrage movements, which is a startling reminder of brutalities and ardours.

One circumstance that many of the fifteen writers share in reminiscences of their childhoods is the strictness and often the dullness in which children were reared. There were so many taboos, so little entertainment. This seems to have been true of Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Marjorie Bowen, who was not only bored but actively unhappy as a little girl, of Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser and of Miss Irene Vanbrugh. With that one exception they were happy, and often they managed to be naughty, but that they were repressed there seems to be no doubt. Perhaps, though, on considering the subsequent careers of these particular contributors one should say that attempts were made at repression. The book is a record of the brilliant failure of all those attempts.

Mlle Chanel in one of her more frivolous passages writes ". . . I was born under the sign of Leo. I have often watched this noble animal in zoological gardens; he rests all day and sleeps all night to get his strength back. He is the champion of my type of sport." An interesting contrast to Lady Londonderry, who says of her childhood that "we grew up to think of politics as second only to hunting."

construction, purporting to be a miniature copy of the cars used by America's G-men. As far as I can remember, it had a stiffish-looking driver with an equally rigid companion, half-hidden behind a miniature machine gun. On the door was painted an imposing shield (guaranteed to warn miniature criminals at 100 yards range) and on the under-carriage was stamped the sign of an oriental manufacturer.

All of which proves, if it proves anything, that the balance of juvenile taste has swung round to the side of law and order. Gone are the gangster heroes, even Deadwood Dick is regarded as definitely anti-social in modern nurseries, and the forces of the police, whether federal, state, or just plain copper, are in the ascendant.

In America it took many years and one remarkable man to bring about this change of feeling, both in children and their parents. To put this social revolution on the lowest possible revolution—to-day it is fashionable to study the activities of G-men, where in the old days it was considered *de rigueur* to have one's pet bootlegger and racketeer.

The man who is more responsible than anyone for this change is Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who, in a volume of reminiscence, **PERSONS IN HIDING** (Dent. 8s. 6d.), has described some of the methods by which the most flagrant of the United States' criminals, bootleggers, kidnappers and just plain murderers have been tracked down and brought to justice. It is an exciting book, even for people who by-pass the thrillers of fiction, and it happens to have been written with a good deal more verve than most of these.

Young Mr. Hoover is the head of the G-men, or, more accurately, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If puns were still permissible, one might make some play on that old saw of new brooms sweeping clean, but, with admirable restraint, I will only say that he has proved the *coup de grâce* to organised crime in the United States and, as I have said, the hero of every child of newspaper-reading age.

In presenting to the world a biography of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, **THE KAISER ON TRIAL** (Duckworth. 21s.), Mr. George Sylvester Viereck has accomplished an exhaustive study of his subject by a new method. What would have happened, he asks, if the Allies really had tried the Kaiser? The publishers add that it is most improbable that the trial would have been a perfectly fair one; and that in any case the verdict of history has yet to be delivered.

The trial, as imagined by Mr. Viereck, certainly does not err on any side of unfairness to the Kaiser, for even some of the most notorious of his indiscretions are comprehen sively examined, analysed, and in almost every case excused.

The book covers the whole period of Wilhelm's long life. Its researches extend far enough into the past actions of his predecessors, into the history of the foundations of the German Empire, and into the character and actions of Bismarck and the attendant powers behind the throne. It revives all the old controversies—the affair of von Arnim, the affair Ulenburg, the South African telegram, the relations between the Kaiser and his uncle, Edward VII, and all the rest of it.

AN EASTERN DESIGN FOR LIVING

The Age-old Philosophy of the East Coupled with Western Ideals Form the Basis of a Powerful Book by a Chinese Author

By VERNON FANE

Last Christmas when I was trying to choose a toy for a very small boy of my acquaintance, I wandered into a model car department, and there I was shown a red tin saloon of curious

Counsel for the defence builds, through these painstaking chapters, a pretty cast-iron case for his client, who is revealed to the interested reader as a person of sensitiveness, sensibility, steadfastness, and with a will to peace.

When we come to the great war we learn many surprising things, among them that the Kaiser was "horrified by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He protested. His protest coincided with the advice of Bethmann Hollweg. The wisdom of the advice is a debatable question . . . Germany's U-boats prevented munition carriers from bringing death-dealing cargoes to Germany's enemies. Incidentally, they killed passengers sufficiently foolhardy or deluded to run the submarine blockade on belligerent vessels, frequently disguised under neutral flags and armed, contrary to international usage.

"The British Fleet did not prevent German soldiers from eating, but it consigned to death and misery millions of civilians, including women and children. The hunger blockade of Great Britain injured children still in their mother's wombs; it marred unborn generations. Neither side can be absolved from the charge of inhumanity. Wilhelm abhorred brutality. But war is necessarily brutal. It cannot be conducted by squirting perfume."

Such is the rhetoric of the defence, though there is no record that the German Emperor, or anybody else, sought the alternative of perfume squirting.

Again, "The Emperor would have saved Nurse Cavell if the appeal on her behalf had reached him in time. But any such action would have been sentimental folly."

I do not think that further indication is necessary to reveal the general tone of this voluminous defence of the ex-Kaiser. It is published with a letter from Mr. George Bernard Shaw congratulating Mr. Viereck on having "done a big job splendidly."

LOW AGAIN (Cresset Press. 6s.) is an album of his political drawings and caricatures for the past year, with special reference to Colonel Blimp, Hit and Muss and Muzzler. His intention is as satiric as ever and his sketches as brilliantly near-libellous

I feel certain that for some maladies of the spirit and conscience a cure of Low might be as effective as the most stringent spa regime.

THE CREATOR OF BLENHEIM PALACE: The chequered career of Sir John Vanbrugh is told in detail by Laurence Whistler in the volume, *Sir John Vanbrugh, Actor and Dramatist, 1664-1726*, published by Cobden-Sanderson. 21s. net. The following paragraph sums up the extraordinary episode of the building of Blenheim Palace: "And so the ludicrous, pitiful episode was at an end. Vanbrugh was banished for ever from his greatest house, the building that he had regarded tenderly as a favourite child. The Duke of Newcastle abated £18,000, and got a wife who gave him no children. The Duke of Marlborough pottered about the naked rooms of his monument and occasionally wished for its architect. And Sarah the Duchess overrode them all, thrusting on to the angry triumphs of her irresistible will." This attractive volume is embellished with a distinguished wrapper by Rex Whistler

A CHURCH FOR CHILDREN ONLY

A Series of Remarkable Pictures taken at the Children's Church, Barking Road, West Ham

A HYMN BOOK FOR EVERY CHILD: A girl attendant (usually about fourteen) hands out hymn books to each little worshipper. The youthful congregation takes great pride in its independence, and things are managed very efficiently; only the minister and about six adults are present

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: A delightful study of four serious-minded little parishioners valiantly striving to attain proficiency in the difficult art of singing hymns. In point of fact, they have already reached a very high standard in this direction

EXTERIOR VIEW: The front of the children's own church which looks out on to Barking Road. There is no fear of lack of attendance there, for some 400 to 500 children go to the services

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN . . .": A remarkable sign outside The Children's Church showing the figure of Christ among the poor children—a little girl with a shopping bag, a newspaper boy, all dressed in modern clothes. The Children's Church, originally known as The Tabernacle, forms part of the energetic West Ham Central Mission. The children remain connected with the church until they are 14 years old

INFANTS' SERVICE: Children under ten years of age attend a special service in another hall of the church. *Below on left*—The choir wear special surplices and sing vigorously

ONE OF THE FIVE BOY DEACONS: Fourteen years old, he reads the lessons to the young parishioners

THE BOYS' BRIGADE: A proud and disciplined body of healthy youngsters. Here they are lined up in the road outside the church for their Sunday morning parade, their smart appearance adding further brightness to the scene

A Page for Women

INSPIRATION FROM THE PAST

Period Pieces are now made in Modern Woods

THE ultra-modern cult in interior decoration is dead. The days when there was no rest for the eye because every room was filled with chromium; when colours were crude because that was felt to be "smart"; when there was nothing to sit on between a chair that was but a piece of curved metal and a divan piled high with very small cushions.

We are at the beginning of a new era in decoration, when graciousness has come back, and colours are blended with consummate skill. When reproduction furniture, so far as slavish copies are concerned, is at a discount, because designers have discovered the real charm and lasting beauty of Period furniture modified where necessary to fit in with contemporary ideas and expressed in any of the new light-toned woods. Nothing looks lovelier in the rooms of to-day, whether they are in a flat that contains nothing older than last year, or in a house that measures time in centuries. All the exquisite proportions of the old master workers are there, more clearly expressed in many cases because of the absence of all extraneous decoration, the flowing lines showing to perfection the graining of woods that they never knew.

Very lovely examples of this happy union between the past and the present may be seen in Whiteley's magnificent furnishing galleries where, under the auspices of the Design and Industries Association, an absorbingly interesting exhibition is now being held. There they have a whole series of rooms, complete even to china and glass and the pictures on the wall, everything being chosen by the Association, whose aim is to promote utility and good design, from Whiteley's ordinary stock.

Some of the rooms are shown here, and many of their colour schemes are particularly attractive. Everywhere they have used colours which make a flattering and liveable background. Peach and coral shades are undoubted favourites; perhaps because they give so friendly an atmosphere to a room and have the dual virtue of seeming stimulating by day and restful by night.

Wrought-iron, light in design and gracefully curved, has come into its own again, particularly when it is painted white. Here is an effective table with a formally decorative design of white convolvulus in angular white vases

An elegant modern dining-room, the furniture in ebonised mahogany, the settee and curtains in black and natural tones, and the carpet and chair seats in a vibrant coral. The simplicity of the table is emphasised by white and silver plates and glasses with black bases

For a modern flat, a scheme that is young and gay and carefree. The carpet and the top of the little curved bar are apricot-coloured, the furniture is birch, almost silvery in its lightness, and the one darker note is struck by the nigger brown chair

In the formal dining-room, for instance, they have used a faintly-pink wallpaper, spotted with silver, with a black and natural-coloured settee and curtains, and a coral carpet and chair seats to emphasise the sombre beauty of the ebonised mahogany dining table and cabinets. The table has a centrepiece of glass fishes on a mirror base, and is set with white and silver china and crystal glasses with black bases.

The gay little modern dining-room for a young persons' flat is furnished with birch, with a dull apricot carpet, an apricot top to the little curved bar, and nigger brown easy chairs to give a strong contrast.

The bedroom is all femininity and soft flower shades. The peach-coloured wallpaper is patterned with small fleur-de-lys, the dressing table has pink chintz petticoats similarly patterned, the curtains and the centre part of the bedspreads are of white quilted silk, the latter with a plain peach flounce. Crackle finished furniture in off white, with decorative peach and silver lines, an easy chair covered in striped peach satin, and a wrought-iron console table complete the scheme.

Wrought-iron has very much come into its own again. Not in its old heavy form, but in light designs, usually white-painted with the detail brought out in pastel shades. It is also used extensively for tables with crackled green glass tops. So now is your chance to clear the attic and bring to light again some of the old lamp standards that were never thrown away.

What else distinguishes all the new rooms? The use of draped materials thrown over a pole instead of a formal pelmet. This is the outcome of the Regency craze, but much less fabric is now used, and any attempt at formality has gone. The idea is simply to get an easy, graceful effect to break the bareness of the top of the window. Alternatively, there is a strong feeling for bands of carved wood, set right round the window so that the curtains fall behind them. This is an intensely practical idea, for it is not costly in the first place, and it does away with the trouble of fitted pelmets and the dread that they may never again fit perfectly after they are cleaned.

For the rest, here are some colour schemes that you may like to try out if you are giving your rooms new life for the winter. Turquoise moiré silk dining chairs against coral and white spotted walls, with a white carpet, coral and white plates, and smoked glass. Very gay, but pleasingly formal. A living room in tones of coral, peach, and rust, with nigger brown accents. A man's room with deep sea-green chairs piped with scarlet, with boldly patterned linen curtains. Or an unusual bedroom in celadon green, with sky-blue bedspreads quilted in apricot to match the curtains.

A bedroom that creates an air of spaciousness and femininity. In peach and white and silver, everything has very simple, clear-cut lines, and the whole effect is delicate and restful. These three rooms are part of the absorbingly interesting exhibition at Whiteley's organised by the Design and Industries Association

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Marriages, Presentations, and the New Norfolk Heiress

LAST WEEK'S WEDDING: Mr. Roger Harvey with his bride, Miss Diana Mainwaring, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, in happy mood after their wedding. It will be noted that the bride has no train-bearers

SMILE, PLEASE! Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget, eldest daughter of Major J. B. Paget, photographing her sister Anne and her mother as they left their home to attend Their Majesties' Third Court. Lady Anne Paget is wearing a striking creation of snow-white organza

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK with her baby, Lady Ann Elizabeth Howard, pictured as they left their home on the occasion of their first walk together

On left—Miss June H. Hollick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hollick of Kenilworth, who was presented at Their Majesties' Fourth Court on July 7. She is a member of "The Monkey Club," well-known hostel for debutantes

DISTINGUISHED SALESWOMAN: The Marchioness of Hamilton selling cabbages sent by the Queen at an open-air market recently held in the Outer Court of St. Peter's, Vere Street, W., in aid of The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney

IN HER PRESENTATION COSTUME: Countess Louis Kalman Tisza wearing the magnificent gown and cloak of a woman of the Hungarian aristocracy, trimmed with embroidery and lace of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at the reception held at the Royal Palace, Budapest, by the Papal Legate to the recently held World Eucharistic Congress

A TIGHT SQUEEZE: A Jowett negotiating a picturesque lane over Westleton Common, near Saxmundham, Suffolk

WHERE ARE THE RECORD-BREAKERS?

Asks the Author, Commenting on the Marked Decrease of Activities in this Direction

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

FOR some unaccountable reason attacks on records have suddenly slowed down, if we except those for the world's land speed record. Many years ago attempts were made almost every day at Brooklands track when it was free for that purpose, and in addition there was usually great activity at Montlhery and other places on the Continent. Generally speaking, these attacks were successful, although the old figures were seldom ever beaten by any great margin. Needless to say, wise folk foretold that before very long few people would be found capable of putting up better performances than were already registered. For years this prophecy was very wide of the mark, because the activities in the record world remained fairly constant.

A couple of years ago, however, when the M.G. Car Company decided that, having obtained all the records they desired, they would withdraw from the field of speed, the general activity sadly diminished. Just as an illustration to show the falling off, this year only twenty-two records have been made from the beginning of the year to the time of writing these notes, whereas during the same period in the last two years the numbers were fifty-one and fifty.

I cannot believe that the skill of drivers and designers has in any way diminished, and so there must be some other reason for the lull. Some records, of course, were last beaten a year or so ago by a very large margin, and this, perhaps, has disheartened would-be attackers. Another possible cause is the difficulty in finding suitable venues to attack records, as these now stand at figures which preclude the would-be record-holder driving on a home track so far as England is concerned and, in consequence, the expense of record breaking has been added to materially by having to pay out large sums for transport of machine and personnel to some foreign land.

We may, of course, see a revival before long, but unless would-be record-holders obtain more financial backing than appears to be forthcoming at the moment the present stagnant state of affairs is likely to continue.

Why activity should be so great in connection with the world's land speed record is difficult to answer. Certainly it is not a case of Britishers straining every effort to beat a foreigner, for no one but a Britisher has held this particular record for a number of years. We even have the strange situation of Capt. G. E. T. Eyston already in America preparing to beat his own record, and following on close behind is Mr. John Cobb with another car built specially for the job as was Eyston's.

I have not seen Eyston's *Thunderbolt* at close quarters, but I have no doubt whatever that it is a splendid example of British engineering. I have had the opportunity on more than one occasion of examining Cobb's car in detail. I doubt if any engineering firm in this country, and certainly in no other country, has ever turned out a more beautiful piece of work than this special Railton. Messrs. Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands) Ltd., and, in particular, Mr. G. H. K. Taylor, one of their directors, deserve the very highest praise for making this masterpiece.

Whether Mr. Cobb is successful or not, and we all have every reason to believe that he will be, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders should get hold of this car on its return, exhibit it at Earl's Court, and then send it on tour in this country and abroad.

I doubt, however, whether the S.M.M. and T. have enough vision to appreciate what a wonderful advertisement this car really is for the British motor trade. Were such a car built in any other country I feel certain that the authority corresponding with the S.M.M. and T. would have subsidised its building and would have considered that in so doing they were obtaining a very cheap advertisement. Anyway, Eyston and Cobb have all British motorists' best wishes for a safe return after a successful visit to the States.

I wonder if I am one of a very small number of motorists who always look at the number plate of the car in front or of that coming towards me. It has grown into quite a habit with me and it is exceedingly interesting to see from the registration letters the approximate number of recent registrations in the various counties and boroughs. I am not pretending that I can get to any near limit of accuracy, but it just causes a mild interest as I go along.

Nowadays we can, of course, have words as our registration letters. For instance, CAR, BOY and then I noticed during a recent week-end a number of cars with the letters ELY. I can see quite a number of people from Ely endeavouring to obtain such a registration for their car. Frequently it is possible to obtain one's initials. This I did myself about four years ago and I kept them from car to car until I got tired of paying an extra £5 a year for the privilege. Incidentally, there was another disadvantage which I discovered after I had an APB plate for about twelve months. When I left my car outside an hotel it apparently advertised the fact that I was inside, and any friends who would otherwise have passed by stopped and cost me quite a large sum of money paying for glasses of milk! Now that I have a new registration number each year I find I am not bothered in this way.

Arising out of these three-letter identification plates it would be interesting to know what instructions, if any, have been issued to the various registration bodies regarding the issue of plates the letters on which might cause offence.

There are a number of three-letter words which, to say the least, are not complimentary. For instance, I do not imagine that many people would like to drive round in a car bearing the registration letters COW. I must confess that I have not come across any such registration plates and I can only imagine that the issuing officers use their own discretion or that some list of banned combinations of letters has been issued from the Ministry of Transport.

Colonel Moore-Brabazon is, and always has been, an outstanding figure in the motoring world, and I find myself very seldom in disagreement with his views. However, I understand that on the wireless the other day he stated that there was no necessity for any new motor roads that might be built to be ugly because they could bend round the contours of the countryside and look quite picturesque. If a motoring road is constructed, in my view it should be as straight as possible and not like the Guildford by-pass, which has over thirty curves in its comparatively short length. I realise that speed need not be reduced because a curve is a curve, for in these days we can have super-elevation, and presumably on a road set aside for the exclusive use of cars this super elevation could be made suitable for really high speed, but, in spite of this extremely useful modern development, our speed would have to be cut down because the human eye cannot see round a corner.

ON THE PASS OF GLENCOE: An M.G. 2-Litre amid some of the grandest scenery in Scotland. This particular model is fitted with a four-door saloon body and is noted for its high performance and outstanding road-holding qualities

It is not an uncommon practice in the case of a car that has sustained some damage in an accident to correct the form of affected parts, such as bent or twisted front axle beams, steering arms, etc., by the application of heat. A large number of cases so treated have come under the notice of the R.A.C. engineer during the past few years, and it is agreed by all metallurgists and steel manufacturers that as a general rule this method of repair is dangerous, and one that may result in subsequent breakage with its attendant risks.

Such parts as are referred to are made of alloys, frequently of a complicated nature. Unless the repairer is familiar with the composition of the material and the original heat treatment to which the finished parts were subjected, and has the necessary equipment for retempering, any further application of heat for correction purposes involves a great risk of strength of the parts being seriously impaired.

Whenever I park a car in a garage or in an outside parking place I get very peeved if I am asked to reverse my car in between two others. It is surprising how many garage authorities and people who control parking places fail to realise how much more difficult and how much longer it takes to reverse a car into what is a narrow passage than to drive it in a forward direction. Reversing out from such a position is a perfectly simple matter and takes practically no time.

STAINES FROM THE AIR: An aerial view showing Staines Bridge, one of the spots where traffic is often greatly congested on holidays and week-ends when sometimes a queue of cars a mile long can be seen crawling over it in bottom gear. A by-pass scheme to relieve this point has been prepared

The Egg

I said to my egg
"Can you stand on one leg?"
I knew that it wouldn't,
I knew that it couldn't,
But said I to my egg,
"Can you stand on one leg?"

I said to my egg
"Can you sit up and beg?"
You're getting much fatter,
That's just what's the matter,
And that's why my egg,
Cannot sit up and beg.

My egg said to me,
"It's as plain as can be,
You must cut off my head
And then when I'm dead
Just eat me with salt.
For I cannot beg,
Or stand on one leg,
And it isn't my fault,
But with Cerebos Salt
I think you'll agree
You'll enjoy me".

CEREBOS SALT
for children of all ages

Complete
COMFORT
for Seven People

★

The interior of the Chrysler Custom Imperial is exceptionally roomy owing to its very long wheelbase (12 ft. between the axles) with seating comparable in height and comfort to your own armchair.

For special occasions, such as a theatre party, you can seat 9 grown-ups in comfort.

This model is unsurpassed in dignity of appearance, and we would appreciate the privilege of arranging to demonstrate the car to you and your friends.

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Chrysler

CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL	LIMOUSINE £775	7-SEATER SALOON £935
CHRYSLER ROYAL	LIMOUSINE £610	7-SEATER SALOON £570
CHRYSLER WIMBLEDON	LIMOUSINE £540	7-SEATER SALOON £500

BRITAIN HELPS TURKEY TO ARM

(*Continued from page* 91)

carried out is worthy of high praise. For 1934–5, for instance, the number of students and school children was double what it was in 1924.

To appreciate the real meaning of this increase it must be remembered that before 1924 secular education was the exception. The majority of those who were taught at all went to mosque schools. The new system is still in course of development, for as yet there are neither enough schools, nor teachers, nor textbooks (particularly textbooks, most of which are translations and often pirated), but the dogmatic tradition of the *medresse*, the weapon of Islamic theocracy, has disappeared.

Basil Davidson

IN ERKOWIT REST CAMP

(*Continued from page* 94)

it was in the early days of the Sudan's re-occupation, when Erkowit, first discovered before the Mahdi's time by the Turks, became again a place beloved of the white man, and was made the official residence of the Governor-General for part of the hot season. Guided by a curly-headed Hadendowa boy down a grassy path, we wandered between low bushes of wild olive, acacias and other shrubs, till suddenly, up a little rise, the path ended on the brink of a precipitous valley.

Stretching below us away on the far horizon beyond low mountains, set out like an immense clay relief map, and sandy coastal plain, scarred by innumerable dry water-courses, lay the sea—a silver streak enveloped in a faint mist. It was a breath-taking experience, and presently as we gazed, a white triangular patch seemed to detach itself from the plain by the edge of the sea—it was Suakim. Suakim, that ancient city with its long history of slave trading, now almost forgotten. Suakim, an Anglo-Egyptian garrison town when all the interior of the Sudan lay under the yoke of the Mahdi's tyrannical rule, where Kitchener, then a young man, was stationed in 1888, now become a peaceful backwater since Port Sudan, her upstart neighbour, northwards just beyond our line of vision, has captured all the trade with her modern harbour and railway to Khartum.

We sat down on a rock—the mythical rock from which no one has ever leaped—and watched the great black ravens circling in the valley below; gradually they approached nearer to us, and presently two of them were persuaded to accept some bits of biscuit; Mr. Raven, being the more daring of the two, took the first piece and hopped over with it, and presented it to his spouse. Kitty's Leap is celebrated for its baboons, but these, alas, we heard in the distance but did not see. At Erkowit there is much wild life, leopards and hyænas are said to be plentiful, as they frequently carry off goats or donkeys that have strayed from the herds of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies.

Reluctantly we turned and made our way campwards, covering the latter part of the road in the dark. Among the trees an occasional camp-fire could be seen, and once the melodious monotonous voice of some shepherd singer came to us, while the faint smell of domestic animals herded together for the night assailed our nostrils. As we reached the camp, the moon rose—a greenish lemon ball, casting the dark rock and trees into strange relief. From the camp came the sounds of

EXPERT ADVICE: C. H. Ward, the famous professional, instructing a lady visitor on the celebrated Small Course at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. Ward, who is retained by the hotel and naturally spends most of his time playing and coaching visitors over this famous short course, recently led the field in the West of England qualifying round for the *News of the World* £1,240 Professional Tournament

people laughing and talking, and the tinkle of glasses . . . . we realised that we were thirsty.

In bed that night on the little veranda, overlooking a valley of strange dark shapes and shadows, where candelabra trees became witches and ghosts in the moonlight, we agreed that Erkowit was an ideal place for an unusual holiday and that even if we did not live in Africa it would still be worth a visit.

Barbara Benson

STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF NIAS

(*Continued from page* 99)

chiefs. The primitive ancestry worship led to great forethought for the comfort of the departed.

It was held that they would wish to revisit the scenes of their former life; therefore seats must be prepared for them on which they can rest. This is the current explanation of these singular benches and chairs which everywhere in South Nias confront the curious visitor.

One discovers that there are several different kinds of stone seats for the dead. The darodaro are flat stone seats beautifully ornamented, resting on a solid base of stone. They have been constructed for the dead of either sex. The round table-like resting places on small pillars are exclusively for the use of departed women.

The seats with a back piece are called *tedro hulu*; the back-slab was meant to give special comfort to the returning dead.

The erection of these monuments was accompanied with solemn ceremonies, a scalp having to be procured from an enemy village, to be subsequently buried close to the monument; this was a protection of the dead against evil spirits.

The stone culture of Nias is now a thing of the past; more than two-thirds of the 18,000 natives are now Christians; and heathen villages are in the minority. The German Rhenish mission in particular is very active. One can understand the vanishing of this peculiar stone culture; what is more puzzling is that during recent times the beautifully decorated great houses in the villages are being allowed to fall into decay.

Viewed historically and socially, apart from this strange megalithic culture the islands have considerable interest. They are first mentioned, it is said, as far back as A.D. 851, when the merchant Solyman apparently first spread the story of the great wealth in gold of the chieftains of the island. The Portuguese went in search of it in 1520 but failed to locate the island. The present Dutch authority began to be established in the latter part of the last century.

The people themselves are lighter coloured than on the neighbouring large islands and have a distinguished bearing—many are of very pleasing countenance. The chiefs wear heavy gold ornaments and accoutrements of various kinds.

The women wear skirts to the ankle, made of heavy material and giving the impression that they are made out of a rug or mat. They are pleasantly decorated. The pagan priestesses wear closely fitting hats—one is seen in the small illustration given on p. 99.

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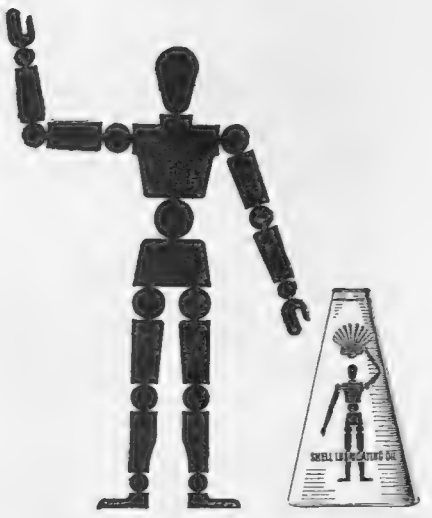

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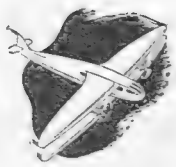

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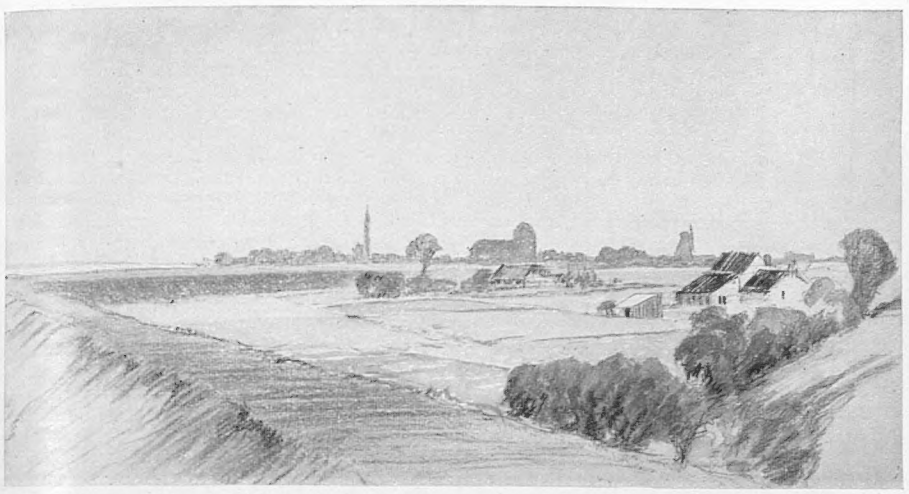
NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR: The Travel Season Reaching Its Height — Where Australians Winter — Snowdon's Elusive Peak

THE Travel Peak.—The next four weeks are probably the peak of the travel season in this part of the world. Quite a number of the continental tours have been fully booked for some time and a few days ago I encountered at Victoria a party of nearly 200 setting out for Central Europe. They at any rate had no silly notions about some of the countries in the itinerary. Among the new services operating to deal with the traffic is one to the Rhineland, Black Forest, and Switzerland. It also makes a contribution to the staggered traffic idea by operating on Tuesdays as well as Saturdays. The departure is from London in the afternoon, Flushing being reached the same night. The Black Forest and Swiss Express leaves within half an hour and you are in Basle before mid-day and Lugano late in the afternoon. The return trains from Switzerland and the Black Forest are on Tuesdays and Saturdays and from the Rhineland on Wednesdays and Sundays. The crossing from Flushing is in daylight, Harwich being reached in the early afternoon. The service is in operation outward until the end of August.

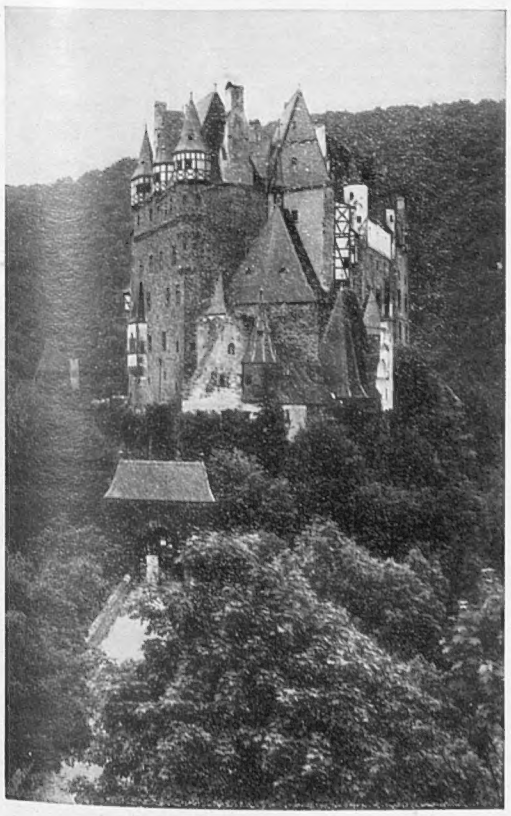


Drawn by Percy Horne

A PAINTERS' PARADISE: An impression of Veere and the great sea wall on the island of Walcheren which makes a pleasant breezy approach to the beautiful little town

Walcheren.—A good many people who use the new route will be tempted to have a closer look at Flushing, which shows such a bold front to the North Sea. It is not wildly exciting, but if you find any pleasure in the passing of ships it is a very interesting place, because it stands at the corner of the island of Walcheren where the waters of the Scheldt join those of the sea. It has history too—De Ruyter, who had so many "scraps" with the fleets of England, was a Flushing man—and by modern standards is a most acceptable seaside resort. It does not take long to explore the whole island and I am sure Middelburg, capital of Zeeland and one of the most charming medieval towns in the Netherlands, with an enormous market place and richly ornamented sixteenth-century town hall, will appeal to you. Domburg, snug behind the great sea wall, and Veere, serenely calm and an everlasting joy to the painter, are other places to see.

The island, and even Flushing itself, remains very staunch to the Dutch tradition, although people of all nations pass that way. The first time I drove through its narrow lanes I saw more Dutch life and costume than I expected. It was a Sunday and that may have had something to do with it, but it is not all put away in the family chest for the rest of the week.



A TWELFTH-CENTURY FEUDAL HOME: Burg Eltz, one of the outstanding castles and buildings which abound in the Rhineland, which towers above the lovely woods of the valley of the Eltz

North Queensland.—At the height of our own travel season we are apt to regard everybody in the southern hemisphere as in a sort of winter sleep. Not a bit of it. Just about now the thoughts of many Australians are turned towards North Queensland and the waters of the Great Barrier Reef. The far north, Cape York, is within 12 deg. of the Equator, but farther south the climate is ideal at this time of year. One of the most popular travel centres is Cairns, reached by rail or sea. Lying out in Trinity Bay is Green Island, a great haunt of picnic parties, but on the mainland within easy run of Cairns are mountains, waterfalls, lakes and jungles. In the stillness of the valley of the Barron River many find the elusive holiday of rest and peace. The Great Barrier Reef is something very vague in Western European minds, but it contains islands of singular attraction to the traveller in Australia. Numerous cruises to the islands of the Coral Sea north of Capricorn are popular at this time of year.

TYPICAL OF LOMBARD ARCHITECTURE: The beautiful facade of the Certosa Church in Pavia, one of the most interesting of Italian cities, lying 50 miles from Milan

Pavia.—One of the many interesting Italian cities off the beaten track of the tourist is Pavia in Lombardy, some 50 miles from Milan. In its glorious past it was known as a city of a hundred towers, but the successive turmoils through which it passed have left little more than the foundations of most of them. The singular thing is that its remarkable roofed bridge, nearly 600 years old, has survived. The roof is supported by colonnades of granite and in the centre is a watch house of two stories. The bridge spans the Ticino and in the days of the Roman Empire it was known as Ticinum. Kings were crowned there, Charlemagne founded the university, and the Carthusian Monastery, with its remarkable marble facade, would arrest the steps of any traveller. It is considered the masterpiece of Lombard architecture of the fifteenth century.

Snowdonia.—Most travellers can tell you of places they have been trying to visit for years but have never been able to reach. To me one of those places was Snowdon, a comparative trifle to one who normally thinks of mountains in terms of 10,000 ft. or thereabouts, and just a few hours run from home by train. Nevertheless, it has always eluded me for such good reasons as fog and cloud, or the fact that I was afloat a few miles off the coast.

Even now the summit remains to be conquered but when I was there a few days ago I realised more than ever what a lovely country we have in Snowdonia. The misty veil lifted from the peak just too late but if any of you are contemplating a visit it may be helpful to know that the foot of the railway is at the roadside at Llanberis—a little place I like very much. The train goes up six or seven times a day and takes about an hour on the journey. Also, it runs on Sundays! My time was limited but I managed to get a good look at Carnarvon, whose castle makes the picture; Bettws-y-Coed, in the rain it had its compensations; Aberglaslyn, the gem of North Wales; Lake Bala and a run over the Berwyn Range with an ever-changing panorama to Llanfyllin and Llandrindod. When you are that way do not miss the run of a few miles up the Elan valley, to see one of the most picturesque artificial lakes in the country—Birmingham water works.

IN TROPICAL AUSTRALIA! Scrambling over a mile-long bed of great boulders, the Barron River in Queensland ultimately takes a leap of several hundred feet and then goes on through a winding gorge of rugged beauty to forested calm

Saltsjoboden.—This is an attractive place near Stockholm where you need not be "on the go" all the time. It is about half an hour's run from the capital, which you would be able to visit as often as you wished. It would certainly be better to do the Gota Canal trip on the outward journey. We recommend the Grand Hotel at Saltsjoboden where the terms for a double room with bath, full pension, and service, would be about £1 per day per person.

Madeira.—In a case where a change of three to six months in the south is recommended, this island with its temperate climate all the year round has much to commend it. There is a British club in Funchal, good tennis, and bathing. We recommend the Savoy hotel which charges from 14s. per day, and the Bella Vista from 12s. 6d. per day. The Golden Gate hotel charges from 8s.

N.W. France.—A motor route in Normandy and Brittany which includes many places of beauty and interest is to Rouen via Caudebec on the Seine, which is easily accessible by crossing to Dieppe or Le Havre. Then make for Nantes, Evreux, Lisieux, Caen, Granville and Mont St. Michel. Cross Brittany via Rennes and take the coast road to Paimpol, St. Brieuc, Dinan and St. Malo, then by boat to Southampton.

St. Gothard Route.—Returning from Italy by car via Lucerne the route is over the St. Gothard on to Furka and Gletsch where only 200 yards separate the sources of the Rhine and Rhone, then through some of the most impressive scenery in Europe. If you return via the south of France follow the Upper Rhone Valley route. An alternative suggestion is Turin, Maggiore and the Simplon, but undoubtedly the St. Gothard route is the most beautiful.

Corsica.—There are not many hotels in the island and to be comfortable it is necessary to stay at the best. At the present rate of exchange these are not expensive. Calvi and Ile Rousse have excellent bathing and we recommend the Corsetol Calvi (50 francs per day) and the Grande and Splendid at Ile Rousse (60 francs and 40 francs respectively). Piana is a very beautiful place 1,435 ft. above sea level and it is very convenient for exploring the fine scenery of the Calance (the Coves) from Piana to Porto. Room and full pension at the Hotel des Roches Rouges costs 60 francs to 90 francs per day.

The Alps.—For a holiday in the mountains you could not do better than make Chamonix your centre and we advise you to join the Club Alpin Français or the Club des Sports Alps; you might even join both. Montenvera and Montgenevre are other good centres for climbing and at the latter there is a Club des Sports where the charges are from 55 francs to 70 francs per day for room and pension. The Relais Alpin (50 francs to 100 francs per day) is also recommended. There is an air service to Geneva daily except Sundays, leaving Croydon at 3.15. The single fare is £7 10s., and a fifteen-day return ticket costs £12 15s.

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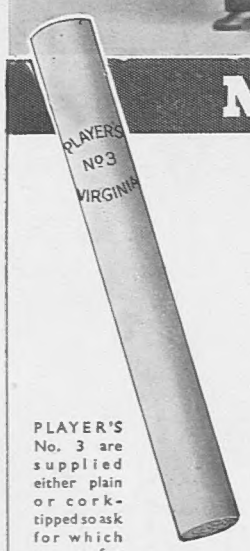

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In Quest of

Delightful Discoveries on Salisbury Plain as the Pheasant, Winterslow, and

FEW ordinary tourists, I have found, know much about Wiltshire as a county. People are rather inclined—and I have been guilty of this myself in the past—to dismiss it with a few depreciatory remarks about the barbed-wire entanglements on Salisbury Plain, and leave it at that.

But even on Salisbury Plain there are several delightful discoveries to be made in the way of hotels. I had often heard of the Pheasant at Winterslow as being a hotel well worthy of a visit, and I found my first opportunity to call on it the other day. It is indeed a charming place in a charming situation. Modern—almost ultra modern—in appearance and equipment, it is none the less completely unpretentious, and I, for one, found its modernity attractive in its setting, and not at all jarring.

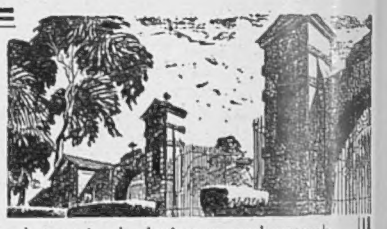
Passing from Winterslow on this particular occasion, I drove through Salisbury and did not stop at either of the places which I like in that picturesque city, because I was aiming at a new discovery farther on. And a discovery, indeed, it turned out to be—the Rose and Crown at West Harnham. West Harnham is a little village almost on the outskirts of Salisbury, which seems to have had the luck to be untouched by the development of the city. And the Rose and Crown, situated on the edge of the river, has the most charming view across water and green fields to the Cathedral.

It is an interesting place in lots of ways. There are few hotels where you can stay practically in a large-ish town and yet be in completely rural surroundings. And mine host, Mr. Edwards, has seen the full advantages to be derived from such a situation. He has given the Rose and Crown, I should think, many different aspects. On the one hand, it must be the most delightful place for a holiday headquarters. Again, if I had to live in Salisbury—and were unable to obtain one of those perfect little houses in the Cathedral Close!—I can think of nowhere where I would sooner live than at the Rose and Crown. Further than that, its grill room, wisely separated from the hotel, and its supper licence are a positive inducement to the inhabitants of Salisbury to pay it a fleeting visit in the evenings.

One's first sight of the Rose and Crown is almost too idyllic to be true. A most beautiful old-world courtyard on one side of it, with doves and a Shetland pony, leads through to a perfect river-side garden of lawns and terraces. Inside the hotel the same beautiful old-world atmosphere is maintained, but with every modern improvement; and I noticed particularly one or two of the bathrooms which were worthy of a five-star hotel.

From Salisbury I journeyed north, stopping for a few minutes at a very pleasant little village inn — the Green Dragon at Barford St. Martin, to Marlborough, which I always think of as the

There's no other place quite like it.



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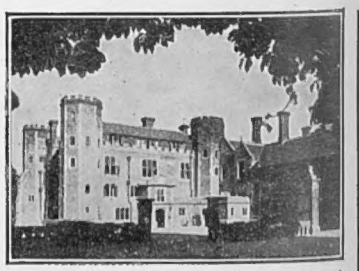

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Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Königswinter o/Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
Coupon d'hotel (A) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blenies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmfts. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms. incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village. 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. Diet if required. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Parkhotel.
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen (Bernese Oberland).—Parc Hotel Beausite.—First class family hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac.—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury.—Coombe House Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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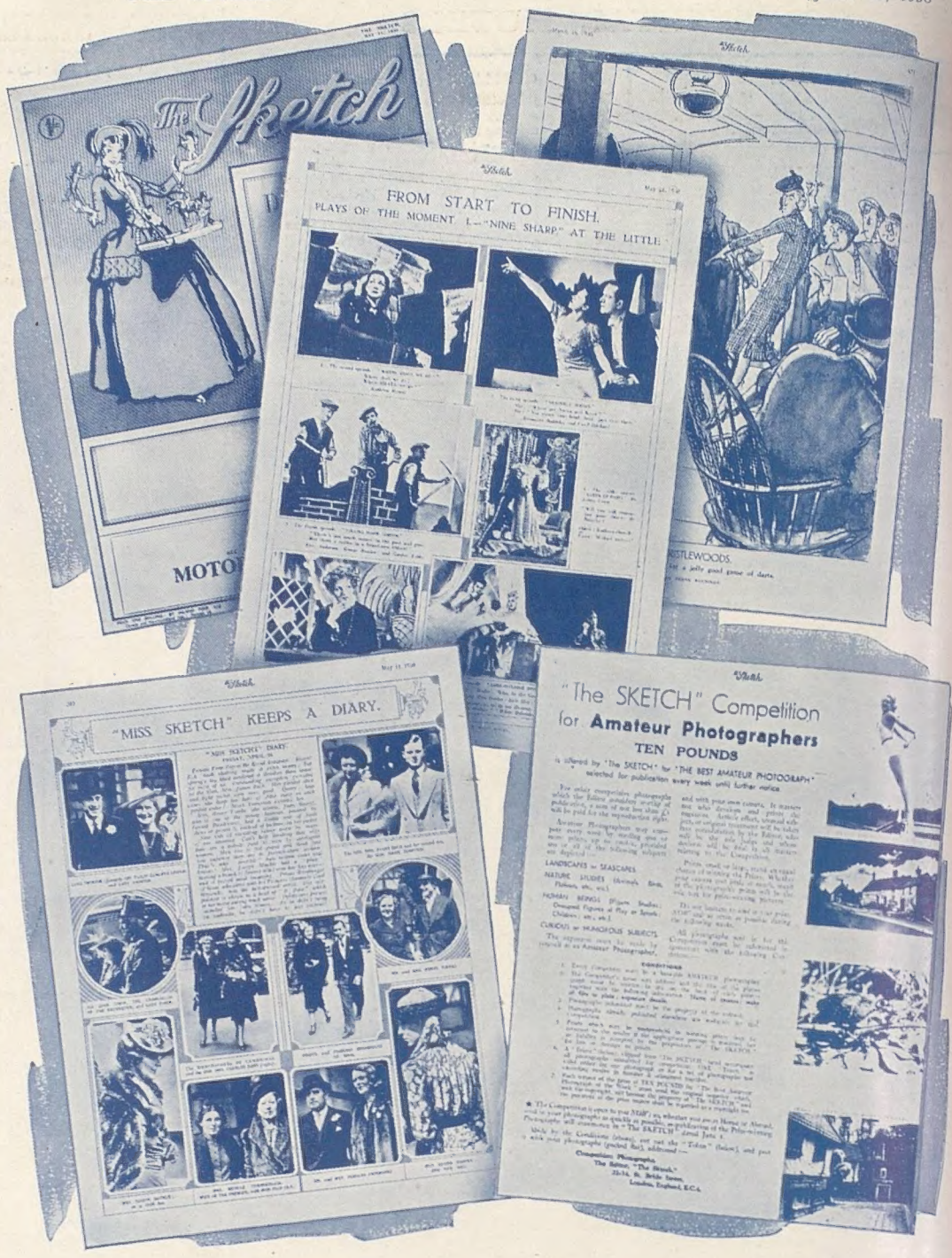

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